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THE LOVE OF OLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CAROL.

Oh! love, whom I lost so long ago
In the dreary maze of years,
Have you banished quite from your heart to-night
This face in its mist of tears?

Have you blotted out with steady hand
One page of life's history?
Is there a dearer face that shines
Between the past and me?

Let not another take the place
Sacred to me so long—
Let not a stranger's voice dare breathe
Our dear unfinished song!

O! keep me close within your heart,
Love of the olden days!
Hide me away in that castle strong,
From the hard world's blame or praise!

The Cost of Conquest.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU.

CHAPTER IX.

BOSCOBEL.

Many have told of the monks of old,
What a saintly race they were.
—*Old Song.*

Boscobel Abbey was really what its name implied—an old haunt of good-cheer-loving monks and sanctified churchmen. It had a refectory and dormitories, cloisters where the "monks of old," with their shaven crowns, solemn port, and twinkling eyes, used to take serious recreation, and walk up and down in holy meditation on dinners past, present and to come. The refectory was the refectory still—a grand old mediæval dining-hall, where there were stained-glass windows, presented by some of the earliest patrons of the fine art of glass-staining, and exhibiting the most painful contortions of the human form divine that the draughtsmen of the day could invent. There were cressets of polished brass for illumination, presented to the "fair priorie of Boscobel" by the father of Rosamond Clifford, the frail beauty who lured a king from his allegiance, and roused a queen to murder. There were relics and remembrances of many a king and noble, "many a knight and many a squire," within its walls, and people came from far and near to link the present with the past by a look at the old walls and their contents.

There is something singularly thrilling, let matter-of-fact folks sneer as they may, in the thought that we stand amid the relics of a historical past. No matter how homely and how shabby, how darkened with the dust and decay of hundreds of years the rooms or articles may be, they carry the spectator back to the days when those who worked this bit of tapestry or that morsel of carpet were living, breathing creatures like ourselves, with either an interest in life or a passionate longing to lay it down, according as nature and circumstance have fashioned our lots.

No one can walk through any of our ancestral palaces or mansions, cold, lifeless show-places though they may be, without peopling them with the shadows of those have lived and died there—with shrieking Rizzios done to death, while hapless Marys look despairingly on at the deed they are powerless to prevent; with knights going forth to battle armed *cap-à-pie*, while lovely ladies look down with sad farewells from many a mullioned window.

We can fancy the courtly beauties that look down upon us from the walls walking about the gardens and terraces of their old homes, attended by their women, with hearts that beat with the same hopes and doubts, the same joys and sorrows, that animate our girls of the period, in their chignons, paniers, high heels, and all the paraphernalia of modern fashion.

Boscobel was the show-place of the county, and Philip Reynell declared his intention of allowing it to remain so. There was still a good deal to see, though the monks' dormitories were used as servants' bedrooms, and the chapel, where many a mass for the repose of unquiet souls was said in the olden times, was a ruin, all ivy and grass-grown for many a long year. The monks had but small notions of light and air, except in their churches and eating-rooms, so a new wing had been built, turning the back of the house into the front, and substituting a glorious view of the Breconshire hills for the mass of heavy wood, which was almost forest, which formed the original *facade*. There had been no modernizing. The Reynell under whose auspices the changes had been made, justly deemed that the square architecture and heavy brickwork of the good, useful days of Queen Anne would spoil the abbey; so he forbade the artificer in Dutch work whom he took into his counsel to deviate an inch from the rule set down for him. The result was as nearly perfection as a builder can attain in this realistic world. The abbey arose resplendent, like a beautiful vision of the past, and by the time Philip Reynell came home from India to claim his own, it was hard to tell where the old building ended and the new one began.

There were plenty of old portraits about the place. Fair Rosamond, in a white dress, embroidered with gold, and her neck very much dislocated in true pre-Raphaelite fashion, looked down in the place of honor in the banqueting-hall, and her father, the time-serving earl, who, tradition says, thought it no dishonor for his child to be a king's mistress, faced her in the long robe and pointed shoes of the early Norman epoch.

Clifford Castle, a stately mansion once, with donjon and keep, and battlemented towers, and all the rest of the feudal stronghold fortification of those dreary days, was within a mile of the abbey, and report said that the opening of an old passage, still

GWENDOLINE SURPRISES PHILIP AT THE RUINS.

discernable among the *débris* of ruins, which is all that is left of Fair Rosamond's birthplace, had its other end in the chapel of the Reynells' ancestral halls. The chapel was a ruin—a very picturesque one—and it was the delight of successive generations of Reynells to keep in it perfect order.

The entrance to the subterranean passage—if, indeed, it were one—was under where the high altar had stood in the good old Catholic times, and was grown over with shrubs and brambles. Seymour Reynell, fearing accidents, had had it bricked over; but repairs had been wanting, and never made, so that it was terribly insecure now. Its depth was not known, but as visitors were always accompanied by some one as guide in going over the chapel, no danger was apprehended.

Philip Reynell appeared to have a keen delight in the antiquarian aspect of his new home, and charmed Mr. Nottley by the zest with which he explored every nook and corner of the abbey, peeping into rare old closets, desecrated into pot-cupboards or receptacles for garden tools, and mounting to servants' bedrooms to look for some old scrap of carving or fragment of colored glass.

For several days after his home-coming no one saw much of him. He excused himself to his neighbors, and laughingly claimed a week's grace to make acquaintance with his property, before he should be asked to return his friends' welcome by calling upon them.

He saw no one in the interval but the family at the rectory, and every time they met he grew more fascinated with Gwendoline Haydon. She was just as much attracted by him. His pleasant, unassuming manner, and the slight *soupçon* of romance that hung about him, drew her to him with magnetic force, and made her heart leap everytime his handsome face and lithe, manly form showed themselves within the rectory gate.

She had no knowledge—how should she?—that Katharine Branscombe was waiting a summons to be the mistress of Boscobel, or that Philip Reynell was scheming, while he looked with loving eyes into her fair face, how to break with all his old friends on the other side of the sea, and begin life anew with a sweet girl-wife with golden hair, the very opposite of her whom he had looked upon as the light of his life so short a time ago.

The prospective return of Edwards was no small worry to him. He had made up his mind not to receive him into his service, not even to *see* him, and he felt it rather a difficult matter to refuse him. The only way was to take Guiseppe into his counsel. The wily Maltese was open to flattery, and by flattery his master meant to manage him.

Summoning him to his morning room—a pretty room with a Gothic window opening on the chapel ruins—he told him that he was in a difficulty, that he was perfectly satisfied with him, and wished to keep him and did not want even to see Edwards.

"As I told you, there are passages in my old life I do not wish recalled. I should prefer that no one saw him but yourself if possible. Tell him I will make any reparation in money to him—but that, being so well suited, I cannot receive him into my service again."

"I will do my best," Guiseppe said. "But had you not better see him, or write to him yourself? He will not take my interference well, I am afraid."

He watched his master keenly as as spoke, but was hardly prepared for the anger his words aroused.

"I will not see him!" he exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "Do my bidding, or find another service, and I will find some one who will obey me without cavilling at my orders!"

"I do not cavil at them, sir," was the quiet reply. "I don't think you will dismiss me just yet, Mr. Reynell—at any rate, for any want of obedience."

There was a peculiarity in his tone that made his master look up, and their eyes met.

"I don't think I shall," he replied. "That will do. Let me hear that Edwards is gone, quietly and without fuss, and you will find that I know how to repay an obligation."

Philip Reynell had been at Boscobel three weeks, and was in the full swing of his autumn visits and festivities, before there was any sign of the arrival of his old servant. Then, one day, alighting from his wagonette with two gentlemen visitors, he saw a truck-load of luggage being wheeled up the avenue, which was the pride and glory of Boscobel Park.

"Whose is that?" he asked.

"Gentleman for the abbey, sir," replied the man. "He's walking—said he wanted to see the park, and the ruins, and that."

Mr. Reynell glanced at the labels and directions, and laughed slightly.

"I don't think the 'gentleman' will stay long," he said. "Wheel it round to the servants'-hall entrance, my man, and get some beer. See to it, Guiseppe."

"Very good, sir."

Guiseppe went off after the man and his load, to the intense amazement of the other servants, who were not accustomed to see him trouble himself about anything; and Philip Reynell excusing himself to his friends, went away to his own room, and shut himself in till the unwelcome Edwards should have come and gone.

Looking listlessly out of the window, he saw a man coming across the corner of the park toward the ruins. Before he saw his face he guessed who it was. The limp, aided by a stick, the foreign, slightly *outré*, style of his attire, and the bushy black beard—it was Edwards, come all the way from Bombay for a welcome from the kindly master it had been such a happiness to serve.

"Poor wretch!" Philip Reynell said to himself. "It does seem hard lines. Well, a man's at liberty to please himself, and I don't want two valets. Santi suits me better than he would, and I'll make it up to him."

He watched his old servant come on and on till he reached the little gate that led into the ruins. It was usually locked, but by some oversight it had been left merely latched, and not having the slightest idea that he might be trespassing, Edwards went in. Then he stopped, and looked round as if to take in all the beauty of the place, and feast his eyes on a landscape, the like of which he had not seen for many a long year.

Such a pleased happy face as he turned up to the window where his master stood unseen regarding him; such pride and joy at being once more at home as might have made Philip Reynell relent had he been less firmly fixed in his purpose. But he was fixed, and he watched him exploring the old chapel with interest till he got to the farther end. Then he passed behind a block of masonry and disappeared, and after a moment's pause his master opened the window and stepped out. There was a curious smile upon his face, and his teeth were set hard as he crossed the grass to where he had last seen Edwards. It seemed as though his intention were to meet him, but he had evidently made his way out at the other side, and was gone to the house.

"A nice hide-and-seek sort of place this," said Philip, half to himself, half for the benefit of the cawing rooks, as he stood in front of the old altar and looked at the gaping pit which tradition said was the mouth of the subterranean passage to Clifford. "And a nice set they must have been at the old castle yonder to come here like moles and rabbits instead of above ground like Christian folks. There was more carried on here than praying, I'm thinking."

The masonry which had guarded the dangerous opening was very much broken away, and a light dust was rising as though some of the stairs and rubbish had recently fallen in.

"I must have it all built over afresh," Philip said. "It doesn't look safe."

He pushed a piece of the brick-work, and it fell into the hole with a crash and a thud, and he leaned over among the rising dust to listen.

"A long way down," he said. "Deep enough to kill if one fell down there."

"Mr. Reynell! Whatever are you doing?"

Philip Reynell turned, with a face from which every vestige of color had fled, to confront Gwendoline Haydon. She had come up behind him, her footsteps quite unheard on the soft grass, and was watching him in undisguised astonishment. He had never seen her looking better. She was dressed in her favorite white, with blue ribbons here and there about her, and a garden hat, round which she had twined a wreath of wild roses, taken from the hedge which divided the rectory grounds from the park. Mr. Nottley and his family were free of the Boscobel domains, and Gwendoline had been used to roam there at will, where and how she pleased. She carried a little dog in her arms, which, on being put down, immediately began to whine and worry at the edge of the hole, to the great terror of his mistress.

"Oh, Tip! Tip! come back! Oh, Mr. Reynell, he'll fall in."

"No, he won't," said Philip, catching up the little animal, with a ruder grip than he would have bestowed upon Miss Haydon's pet, had he not been preoccupied in mind. "I beg your pardon, I'm hardly fit to be seen by a lady."

"No; you are all over dust. What were you doing?"

"Poking at this old wall. I must have it built entirely over. Just see how rotten it is."

He gave the wall another push, regardless of the vicinity of Gwendoline's white dress, and the dust that would arise. There was a strange look in his face as he pushed at the bricks with what seemed to her a passionate energy. She stood for a moment as they went crashing down, and Tip snarled and whined in her arms at the noise. Then she turned to Philip Reynell, and clutched his arm with a wild look in her pale face.

"The place is haunted," she said. "I heard a groan."

And even as she spoke there seemed to arise from under their feet, as it were, a wailing sound of some one in mortal pain.

CHAPTER X.

FEVER STRICKEN.

Of the weeks and months that my eyes grew dim,
Watching for tidings—watching for him.—*Anon.*

Summer had come and passed, and Christmas, with its soft breezes, its delightful sunshine, and its invigorating air, was again being hailed with a true welcome in the cantonments at Allahabad. The men were having their feasting, and their merrymaking, and songs; but the spirit that animated the merrymaking of only twelve months before was wanting now.

A time of sickness almost unprecedented had passed over Allahabad with the rains, and many an empty place, or newly filled bed and seat, told of old comrades laid under the sod, of the light and life gone out of friendly eyes, to be lit no more till the last eternal meeting. The men were dispirited; a wasting and fatal fever was thinning their ranks, and day by day they were called to stand by their comrades' graves, and to fire their last farewell to many who, a few short weeks before, had been the best and bravest among them. But the officers and the ladies of the regiment set a good example of cheerfulness and hope to those under their command. They would not let the men flag or the women despond, and Christmas was to be kept, though the hospital was well nigh full, and many a heart was too weighed down by sorrow for festive thoughts. But Christmas would be kept somehow, if there was only one man of the faith that began in the manger of the oxen at Bethlehem, left alive in all the earth; he would make a festival of memory, if of nothing else.

Mrs. Major Scorby entertained the Christmas party this year. Her husband had proved himself a worthy coadjutor to Colonel Branscombe in all that tended to the well-being of their men, and his lady, albeit a little proud and "high," as the women were apt to say, was a kind of somewhat despotic friend to the little colony at the married quarters. She and her husband had risen from the ranks. For all her talk about the kind of people she had been "used to meet," etc., etc., she had known what it was to toil with the hardest-working of soldiers' wives, to scrub floors, take her share of the regimental washing, and haggle with the pay-sergeant over a penny on this side or that of her weekly account.

But all this was in the days of long ago. She could wear her silk dresses and queen it in the barrack society with the best of them, and her experience made her know exactly how and when help was most needed to the careless, easy-going women of the regiment. She knew exactly where the shoe pinched most, and where the burden of daily life pressed hardest, and many a word of hers to her husband wrought changes in the lives of some of the women which they never dreamed of attributing to her. A hard woman she was, yet she could feel for others, and there was a cloud on her still handsome face as she stood by the open window with a letter.

The mail had come in just as they had risen from dinner, and she had excused herself for a moment to tear open a letter from a valued friend. With hand and eye she beckoned Mrs. Sloper to her side.

"What is it?" asked that lady. "No bad news, I hope, my dear!"

"None to me. Read that."

She turned down a page of the letter and gave it to her friend. Mrs. Sloper read—

"'I'm afraid, my dear, it's a case of "he loves and he rides away" with the gentleman you wrote about—Mr. Philip Reynell. I've been in his neighborhood, and I've seen him—a very handsome fellow he is, too; but don't you believe he's going to marry Miss Anybody out in India. The future Mrs. Reynell is a Miss Gwendoline Haydon, a tremendously rich heiress, with whom he fell in love the very first day of his return. She's a country-bred girl, but very fascinating—a ward of the rector at Boscobel. There's no mistake at all about it. The marriage is to be some time in the spring—and the alterations on the estate and in the house are already begun. I send you an extract from the *Hereford Times*. It's not a penny-a-liner's story. Mr. Nottley told me himself his ward was to be Mrs. Reynell, and how pleased he was at the match.'"

The inclosure was a newspaper paragraph; short, but to the purpose:

"*We are happy to be able to announce that a marriage is arranged between Philip Reynell, Esq., of Boscobel Abbey, and Miss Gwendoline Haydon, only daughter and heiress of the late Major-General John Haydon, of H. M. 50th Regiment. We understand that the wedding will take place as soon as the alterations at Boscobel are completed.*"

Mrs. Sloper looked up when she had finished the paragraph.

"The heartless monster!" she said. "I thought how it would be! Poor Kate! Shall you tell her?"

"No; not now, at any rate."

"Is she here?"

"Not yet! She promised to come in for a few minutes; her father wished it."

She entered at the words, and came straight to where they were standing with a few words of quiet greeting. It was a pale shadow of the Katherine Branscombe of last Christmas, with a weight of care in her beautiful eyes, and lines around her mouth, telling of sorrow and meek endurance. All the buoyancy of her gait and manner were gone, and no dimpling smile played around her lips, from which the full red had departed, leaving them white and drawn. Ready sympathy was on the faces and lips of her friends as they greeted her.

"Any news from England, dear?" Mrs. Scorby asked.

"No!"

The resignation of the tone, and the half-suppressed sigh that accompanied the little word, told of patient waiting, and hope deferred for news that did not come, and Mrs. Scorby crushed the letter she held in her hand with a vehement gesture, feeling as though she would have liked to so crush Philip Reynell's selfish happiness and neglect.

"Better luck next mail, Kate dear," she said, cheerily. "How is he to-night?"

"The doctor says no worse," she said; "but—"

The tears which had gathered in her eyes ran over, and she hid her face.

"Don't do that," Mrs. Scorby said; 'don't you give way. You've been so brave so far—so cheerful through it all. Hope for the best, there's a dear girl—it will all come right."

"I can't hope to-night," she said, wearily. "I suppose I am sick and weary with waiting for letters that never come, and I'm obliged to hide it from papa. He thinks I hear every week, and I daren't trouble him by undeceiving him."

And Katherine Branscombe broke down, and cried such bitter tears as they had never seen her shed. Their own hearts were full, for they knew what terrible cause she had for grief. Colonel Branscombe was dying—stricken down by the fever which had carried off so many of his men. He had fought against his illness for days, and when at length he lay down confessing he was prostrated, it was almost too late for remedies to be of use.

When at length the violence of the fever gave way, and the kindly colonel woke to life once more, it was only for a little while—only to know that he was dying, and that a few weeks were all that remained to him of this world and its joys and sorrows. The doctors recommended the Hills; they said he might, if not recover, grow better there for a time, but he shook his head at the proposal.

"Will it *cure* me?" he asked.

They were fain to say "No." He would have the truth.

"Nor make me fit to soldier again, even for a time?"

No, it would not do that, they told him; but it would alleviate the prostration from which he suffered—would invigorate him for a little while; that was all.

But the colonel would not go. If he was to die, he said, he would die where he had lived, among his men.

"My poor fellows have suffered and died here," he said, "so can I."

And the question of moving him was dropped from that time.

And so it came about that at this Christmas-time Colonel Branscombe's feeble life only hung upon a thread; it was simply a question of how long nature would last, lying there inert and prostrate. His constitution, weakened by his long residence in a hot climate, and growing each year less able to bear the effects of the heat, had entirely given way, and nothing could be done but to wait in the silent sorrow, that can have no alleviation, for the end.

It was coming very gently. The shadow of Azrael's wing was over the household, but his icy hand had not yet touched his prey. There were times when the pleasant freshness of the season after the monsoons revived him so much that Katherine almost dared to hope that the hand of death might yet be stayed, but they were too transient to give her much joy. There were seasons, too, when her father could bear to see his men, to hear the tramp of the regiment, and look with a pleased interest on the glittering arms as they filed past the bungalow; when he would send for this or that non-commissioned officer, and question and talk to him about the well-being of the men, their wives and little ones. But it was all done with such a certainty of the end that was at hand, that Katherine's heart sickened, and she would be obliged to rush to her own room to hide the grief that would have way.

Her father, all unconsciously, wrung her heart by talking to her of Philip. To the letter which reached him when he arrived at Boscobel she had only received a few lines of reply, in the miserable cramped hand which had taken the place of Philip Reynell's free, finely-penned writing, and her father thought she was hearing every mail, and might not be undeceived now. So she had to bear his constant references to the past, which had been so happy, and hopes for the future, which might never come, as best she might, hiding her grief and fear in her heart, and, in her great love for her dying father, never letting him be troubled with her fears and anxieties.

The presentiment she had felt and expressed to Philip Reynell before he left had grown to something very like certainty by this time. What had come between them she could not tell. She had no means of finding out, and she could not confide her doubts to any third party. But the certainty was on her now that the time was at hand when she would have to leave India, and all the pleasant ties of her girlish life, and go to the only relative she knew of, a maternal uncle in London. Her father spoke as though her being mistress of Boscobel were a certainty, and she saw that it made him happier so to speak, and contradicted him never a word.

"You won't be so rich as I should like to have seen you, my darling," he said, stroking her glossy hair as she sat on a low chair beside him. "I've found it harder to save than I thought I should out here. Money is always wanting for something or other."

"I shall be as rich as I want to be, papa; don't talk about it."

"I must, my own Kate. Things must be looked in the face, my girl. I shall die happier, Kate, for knowing you are to be a good man's wife, protected forever from this world's storms. I wish he was here to take you when the end comes, but I don't suppose a telegram even would bring him here in time now."

"Oh, *don't*, papa!" said the girl, in agony, and her voice rose almost into a scream in its shrill distress; "you are breaking my heart!"

"Well, well, darling, I won't," the colonel replied. "I wish I could see some of your old bloom, my child. Your bright smiles would do me more good than all Dr. Middledale's physic. Never mind, I shall carry the remembrance of them into the next world with me, when I lay down my life at the feet of my Maker and thank Him for the best and truest daughter that Heaven ever sent to bless a man's life with here!"

Kate could hardly bear this, and strove to turn the conversation, but her father's mind was on the future, and he was bent upon giving her directions about it.

"Your uncle, Mr. Westland, has your money in safe keeping, my dear," he said. "My will and the vouchers for what I have sent him on your behalf are in my desk—you know where to find them."

"Yes; oh, yes."

"There will be money enough left here to pay all your expenses and my debts, and see you safe to England, Kate. By the way, your uncle has not written this month."

"No, nor last either," was on Kate's lips, but she thought the idea would worry him, so she simply said, "No, papa."

"Well, I hope he will; you will need the money."

Kate watched her father sink into a doze, fatigued with talking to her, and sat sadly thinking of the future. Mr. Westland was her mother's brother, a banker, but she knew very little of him. Colonel Branscombe banked with him, and Katherine's private fortune was in his hands also. They were in the habit of hearing from him every month, with accounts, remittances, and so forth, but two months had gone by now, and nothing had come. She would not weary her father about it—indeed, she hardly noticed it; she had funds for her every-day expenses, and cared for little else now but her father's state. On Christmas-day he was considerably better, and begged her to go for an hour to Mrs. Scorby's party, as his representative, he said, with a sad smile. The memory of the last Christmas came upon Katherine with exceeding bitterness, and she was fain to hide her face for a minute before she could give him back a smile.

"I will go," she said, "if you wish; but do not ask me to stay long from you, dear."

"You would not, if I did," he said, sending her away with a caress.

And then, calling his servant, he had himself raised upon his couch and wrote a letter to Philip Reynell. Just such a letter as a dying father would write to the man he deems worthy of such a sacred trust as the safe keeping of his child; every line breathing love for her and faith in him, and filled with prayers for their future happiness and peace. Then he summoned his servant, and bade him post the letter with his own hand.

"You put it in, Mortimer?" he asked, when the man returned.

"Yes, sir."

"And the bag is gone?"

"I only just caught it, sir."

"Then go to the major's, and ask Miss Branscombe to come back."

"Yes, sir; don't you feel so well?"

"No, Mortimer; lay me down. I think I shall never write another letter in this world. That will do, thank you; call my daughter—quick—or she will be too late!"

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE MARRIAGE COLUMN.

Married!—married!—and not to me!
Is it a dream, or can it be? —*Anon.*

Mortimer looked at his master's face, and saw something there that made him for the first time in his long service disobedient. He could not leave him, even to fetch his child. Hastily pushing open the nearest window, he summoned the orderly waiting outside.

"Run to Major Scorby's bungalow and fetch Miss Kate," he said. (Katherine was "Miss Kate" with everybody who knew her.) "Quick, for Heaven's sake!"

"Is he worse?"

"Dying!" and the tears ran down the servant's weather-beaten face, and a choking came into the orderly's throat. "Take care what you say," said Mortimer. "Don't startle her more than you can help; but it's death this time."

The man ran off with all the speed that love and fear can give, and reached the major's bungalow just as the strains of an old Scotch song—a favorite of the colonel's—were being sung by one of the ladies present. Katherine Branscombe was leaning against the window, looking dreamily out, and the tears standing upon her white cheeks. Somebody had negatived the singing of the song, but she had begged them not to mind her.

"Papa was so fond of it," she said, and her heart ached with a pang that became physical in its keenness as she stood there listening.

"I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,"

came floating out on the dark air as the orderly came up. Katherine saw him coming, saw the quivering lip and working face, and sprang to meet him.

"You want me?' she asked.

"Yes, miss."

"Is he dead?"

The curt sharpness of her tone showed what she felt. No tears came with the question, and she stood cold and still waiting for his answer.

"No, miss, not when I left, but Mortimer told me to hurry. I'm sorry you saw me first, Miss Kate. I should have spoken to Mrs. Scorby. I've frightened you."

"No; I am coming." She turned to the guests, who, scenting misfortune, were drawing nearer to where she stood. "I must go home; my father is dying!"

Still the short, sharp tone, which told that the words must come spasmodically, or be choked and strangled in their utterance, and the wild, white, drawn face, speaking, oh, how plainly, of the agony within, and they gathered around her with words of sympathy and offers of assistance.

"No one can help me, thank you," she said. "Good-night."

The party hastily broke up; Mrs. Scorby and several other ladies following Kate on her sorrowful errand, and the gentlemen going to their bungalows to wait, in sorrowful expectation, the event that was now so near.

It came before they had time to realize that which they had so long looked for had actually come to pass; before the gentlemen dispersed from Major Scorby's party had thrown off their dress-coats, before the troops in the long, lighted bungalows knew that the fiat had gone forth, the chapel bell, tolling out in sharp, regular strokes, knelled out the story of their loss, and stamped that Christmas festival forever in their minds with a feeling of sadness and regret.

Kate had reached her father's bedside in time to see him alive and conscious once more, and to hear him feebly bless her with his latest effort of speech, and couple her name in a prayer with that of Philip Reynell. It was Mrs. Scorby who received the fainting girl from the hands of the sorrowful servants, and who tended her back to life and grief when all was over—and her life of loneliness began. She had no relations near her, but kind friends filled their places and ministered to her wants, and her sympathizers might be counted by the thousand. Not a man, woman or child in the cantonments but felt the loss of their good friend keenly, and it was no mockery of sorrow which showed itself in the downcast faces of the long train of mourners that followed Colonel Branscombe to his last resting-place. The sorrow was in the hearts as well as upon the lips of all.

With the sound of the last volley over the grave, Katherine Branscombe's heart failed her utterly; the strength of despair which had held her till then vanished, and for a week she was utterly prostrate. With well-meant kindness Mrs. Scorby refrained from mentioning Philip Reynell's name to her, and hinted nothing of what she had heard. She thought Katherine would be better able to bear the news when she was at home with her relatives, and her business affairs satisfactorily settled. The major, a blunt, outspoken man, who hated secrets and would have blurted out the truth with many an anathema against Philip Reynell,s deception, was persuaded to be silent and leave all things to time.

"We shall do no good," his wife said. "She will only brood over it all through the voyage, and she has enough sorrow now, poor thing, without that."

"Well, as you please, my dear," the major said. "I hope she won't break her heart for the young scoundrel, that's all."

The future of Katherine Branscombe was thoroughly well cared for by the good father who was gone. She was to proceed to Europe at once, and join her uncle's family, who were enjoined to see her marriage carried out in a style befitting her position and Colonel Branscombe's income. Everything was left unreservedly to her, but as the colonel had regularly remitted all his savings to his brother-in-law, there was very little for his daughter to receive in India. His household goods were sold and divided as mementoes among his brother officers, all of whom were eager to possess some remembrance, however trifling, of their lamented commander. In a month from the day of the funeral she was ready to go, and almost eager in her desolation, to quit the place where she had been so happy. Mrs. Scorby was very earnest with her to remain with her for a time.

"As long as I and the major have a house over our heads," she said, "you're more than welcome, you know that. Stay till you have heard from your uncle, at any rate."

"It would only be putting off a parting that must come, dear Mrs. Scorby," Kate said, wearily. "My father wished me to go at once, and I will. You shall hear from me as soon as ever I get to England."

England was almost a *terra incognita* to her; her sympathies and her habits were all Indian, and the tears stood in her eyes at the thought of the cold welcome she might possibly receive from her unknown kindred. She wrote to her uncle and a very few lines to Philip Reynell, saying she was starting immediately.

"If he loves me still, he will meet me at Southampton," she thought, as she folded her letter; "if not—well, let him be happy in his own way. I shall not seek him."

She made the journey to Bombay under the escort of a married officer of another regiment and his wife going home on sick leave, and, strangely enough, the last half of her voyage was made in the Penelope, the ship in which Philip Reynell had come home from Malta. His name arose in the course of conversation, and she heard a great deal about him, his loneliness, his Maltese servant, and the two gentlemen who had accompanied him home.

The captain had heard her name from Captain Haughton, and regarded her with much curiosity.

"Is that the young lady that he was to have married?" he asked of Lieutenant Slade, the gentleman escorting her, one day during a quarter-deck promenade.

"The young lady he *is* to marry, I hope."

"Heaven help her, poor thing," said the captain of the Penelope.

"Why?"

"Because he's a scoundrel, that's all; you'd better give her a hint not to expect him to meet her, for he won't—take my word for it."

But Mr. Slade was an apathetic sort of man, and thought, together with his wife, that it was no business of his, and they said nothing, not even when the ship steamed into the harbor at Southampton, and they saw Katherine straining her eyes with eager impatience for any sign of a friendly face. With what yearning eyes those that have been exiled for years look for loving recognition when they see England again, only those who have come home after long, weary years abroad alone know. Mrs. Slade had her tribe of young ones, and her foreign, terrified ayah to look after, and bustled about, scolding and screaming a dozen different directions a minute to the people waiting on her, and was utterly oblivious that Katherine was standing alone, quietly superintending the removal of her luggage from the miscellaneous heap gradually accumulating on deck.

"My dear, don't do that," she exclaimed, "our people will see to all that. Where is Jem?" (Jem was the luckless lieutenant.) "He always does leave everything to me. Why, you don't mean to say there's no one here to meet you?"

The good-natured but careless little woman rattled on. Her conversation was always a string of interjections and emphases, utterly unconscious of the look of blank despair which was stealing over poor Katherine's face.

"No, there is no one here," she quietly replied.

"My! And I thought your uncle or Mr. Reynell was to be at Southampton. I'm sure *somebody* said so—Jem, I think."

"They have mistaken the time, doubtless."

"What *will* you do?"

"Go to town at once. Never mind me, my dear Mrs. Slade; I shall do very well."

"No, you won't. I never heard of such a thing. I'm sure I wish we could go with you. Jem *might*, though what I *should* do with Mahala and *all* those children in a railway carriage, I *don't* know. She's such a stupid thing, and I'm so nervous."

"There's no need," Katherine replied, in the same quiet tone. I shall take the first train to town; my uncle is expecting me, I know."

"Dear me! if we were *only* going the same way," Mrs. Slade said, with her eyes wandering after her straying brood. "You'll be so lonely, won't you, my dear?"

Katherine thought, with a sharp pang at her heart, that she had been lonely a good many sorrowful weeks now.

"That's nothing new to me," she said; "I had better wish you good-bye now, dear madam. My luggage is all up, and there is a train in about an hour."

They pressed her to wait and see if any one came for her, to dine with them, and then go to town in the evening, etc., and and the lieutenant pulled his tawny moustache, and said he was "doosid sorrry," and "would not she allow him to go with her?" at which his wife pinched him so hard that he was greatly relieved when Katherine gave him a polite negative, thanking him warmly for all his kindness to her on the journey. They bade her farewell with genuine feeling, for they pitied her forlorn state, but she was a weight taken off their minds when they saw her and her belongings disappear round the first corner, and Mrs. Slade declared that "Now, thank goodness, she *should* be able to look after herself a little."

Katherine got into a cab, and was driven to the station, with a strange sense of unreality upon her. She had come ten thousand miles to find not a single creature to welcome her; not one person in all busy England to hold out a hand and give her cordial greeting. She had been buoying herself up with the thought that perhaps Philip might be there after all, to take her to his heart with all his old love, and make her feel that life was not all a blank. She had hardly dared to expect him, but her heart had sunk none the less low when she looked in vain for his familiar face among the eager crowd assembled to welcome friends and relatives.

A sweet spring morning shone upon this her first hour's experience of England. Flowers and sunshine and the song of birds were everywhere, as the train whirled on through the fresh, green country, looking to her sea-wearied eyes most lovely in its April garb of mingled smiles and tears. The smiles predominated, and she looked out, cheered by the reviving influence.

"I'll take it as an omen," she said to herself. "'The future must be bright,' some one says; 'to those who make their woes deserve them.' I'll not anticipate mine."

The only other occupant of the carriage, a gentleman, offering her a paper broke in upon her revery. He had been much struck with her appearance and manner and the *spirituelle* look upon her face. Her deep mourning told of a recent sorrow, and her slightly foreign manner proclaimed a new arrival in England. He wondered who she might be, travelling alone, and he longed to say a word to draw her into conversation.

She thanked him courteously for the Times, and sat looking at it, her thoughts flying back to the time when she used to read it to her father in their Indian bungalow. She crushed back the tears that would rise; and tried to read, that her fellow-traveller might not notice her agitation. "Births, deaths, and marriages." Would any one reading her name in the death column ever give her memory a sigh? No one in this hemisphere she had begun to think, and she read on name after name without the slightest thought of what she was doing. Presently she laid down the paper, and sat still with her hands loosely folded in her lap. The gentleman looked up from his magazine, and started in terror.

"You are ill, madam?" he said.

The dark eyes were wide open and staring, as it seemed, straight at him; the face was deathly pale, and the lips white and set. She made no reply, and he pulled the paper from under her listless hands, and opened the window.

"You are faint," he said; "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you," she said, rousing herself, and answering as it seemed mechanically. "I was a little faint, it is passing over now."

"A little! You quite alarmed me. You are sure you are better?"

"Quite, thank you. I have just come off a sea voyage; I suppose the motion of the carriage turned me a little sick. I shall be glad when we get to town."

"So shall I," thought the gentleman to himself, as he saw her close her eyes and lay her pallid face against the cushions. "A little faint! I wonder what death looks like if that is faintness."

She spoke not another word all the rest of the journey, and he thought she slept, she was so still. But she was not asleep, she was repeating to herself something she had read in the Times, every word of which seemed to have burned itself into her brain in letters of fire.

"*Married at Boscobel, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Samuel Nottley, guardian of the bride, Philip Reynell, Esq., of Boscobel Abbey, to Gwendoline, only daughter of the late Major-General John Haydon, of H. M. 50th Regiment.*"

CHAPTER XII.

PLIGHTED.

Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream. —*Moore.*

To return to Boscobel Priory and its inmates.

Philip Reynell hastily drew Gwendoline back from the broken edge of the old passage, and put a supporting arm around her. There was a set, hard look upon his face, and he was very pale, but his tone was tender when he spoke to her.

"There is nothing there," he said. "No living creature is in the ruins but ourselves. Don't look so frightened, or I shall go down and see."

"Down there?"

"Anywhere to reassure you. Come away into the park. We shall be nearer the real work-a-day world there. I'll have that eerie place built over to-morrow."

"Oh, I wish you would. I always feel frightened whenever I look into it, or at that place they say is the other end of it. It always seems to me as though something dreadful must come out of it and hurt me. Don't laugh at me and think me a baby. Mrs. Nottley says I am one still in some things!"

"Laugh at you! I would not have you changed in a single iota. I would have you always the same, Gwendoline. I beg your pardon—Miss Haydon!"

"Oh, call me Gwendoline," she said, simply. "I can't bear my friends to say 'Miss Haydon;' it sounds so stiff."

"May I be reckoned in that category?"

He looked into her face as he spoke, with a look that made her cast down her eyes and blush. They had left the ruins, and she had wondered in an idle way what made Philip so very particular about locking the gate of the ruins. They strolled along under the magnificent trees that made Boscobel Park a very glory in summer and autumn, and she thought what a bright ray of sunshine Philip Reynell's arrival had brought into her life.

She had been very happy before, but her guardian had been specially careful that no serious lovemaking should interfere with his prospects for her. Gwendoline was no flirt. She understood nothing of the playful warfare which has such dangerous ending sometimes; she never made play with her eyes, or set herself to captivate some impressionable young man, who would find all too late that he had laid his heart and happiness at her feet in vain. Till now she had known nothing of love, and she could not analyze the strange, new pleasure which made her heart throb at Philip Reynell's approach, and every nerve thrill at the touch of his welcome hand.

"May you?" she replied, with a little laugh. "Of course you may."

"I don't want to be a friend of Miss Haydon's!"

She looked at him with a puzzled face, and her full red lips quivered, as a bewildered expression passed over them.

"Not want to be my friend!" she said. "Why, Mr. Reynell?"

"Because I would be something more, Gwendoline. Because I love you so dearly that to be a friend and nothing more in your esteem would break my heart. Ah, do not turn away from me," as she strove to release her hand. "Listen to me, even if you say me nay. Let me tell my love, or it will recoil on my own heart and brain and drive me mad!"

Gwendoline was half-frightened at his vehemence. He had possessed himself of her hand, and drawn her to him with his other arm, till she could feel his heart beating wildly against her own. She could count the days of her acquaintanceship, yet her fright was so mixed with joy that she felt as though her whole life had been blank till that summer evening, when she had first beheld this man, who was telling her now that she was all the world to him.

"Let me go, Mr. Reynell; you frighten me."

"Ah, my love, my life, I would shield you from any alarm with my life if need be. Look up, and tell me that I have not been mistaken in fancying that you love me. It has been the hope and belief that you do, that have forced my tongue to speak."

Gwendoline drew her hand away, and covered her face to hide her burning blushes.

"I cannot tell," she faltered; "I don't know. Nobody ever spoke so to me before. Let me go home, Mr. Reynell; I wasn't prepared for anything like this."

"You shall go when you have told me you love me," he said, in a more gentle tone. "Gwendoline, I want you for my wife. From the first moment I saw you my heart went out to you as a man's heart goes but once in his whole existence. It is but a little while, my dear, but it's a whole lifetime of love."

Again he drew her close to him, and this time she made no struggle to free herself—only hid her face from his searching eyes.

"Speak, darling," he said. "Let me have an answer!"

And she lifted up her eyes for a moment, and said, simply—

"I think I should be very happy with you."

"I have my answer," he said, and lifting her pretty face, he pressed kiss after kiss upon her rosy lips.

"Oh, Mr. Reynell, don't!" she said, struggling to free herself, and then, as he laughed at her pretty confusion, "oh, what will Mr. and Mrs. Nottley say?"

"Say? Why, that they are very happy to make the acquaintance of the future Mrs. Reynell, my darling. Ah, Gwendoline, what a happy home we'll make of the old house yonder! I shall come to Mr. Nottley this afternoon, and ask him to give you to me."

"So soon!"

"The sooner the better, dear. I'll give Boscobel a mistress before the year is out. We'll have such a Christmas merry-making as shall make the old monks turn in their graves with envy. My own Gwendoline, how little I thought what happiness fate had in store for me when I landed in England."

They were silent for a minute or two Their lives had changed with the few brief sentences in which they had read each other's hearts, and they were both too full-hearted to speak. Again Philip Reynell drew the girl's slight form into his embrace, and sealed their compact once more with a kiss.

"Mine! mine!" he murmured. "To think I should find such a prize waiting for me!"

"Have you left no one behind waiting for you?" Gwendoline asked, with a smile.

She spoke lightly, and with no particular meaning; but she felt her lover's grasp relax, and a shiver pass over him, and looking at his face, she saw it was very pale.

"I—I beg your pardon," she said, drawing herself away. "I have said something I should not."

"My darling, you could not do that," he replied, fervently. "It was nothing you said. My heart gives me twitches still sometimes, and that was one of them. Don't take fancies; there's not a living soul in India at this moment to whom I am an object of the slightest interest."

"Not one?"

"No."

"Then, I shall take no one's place in your heart; no woman will curse our wedding-day even in her thoughts."

"My dear child, strange notions! No, indeed. Our wedding-day and all our life after it will be one long blessing, I hope."

"Ah, forgive me, Mr. Reynell, I—"

"I have another name, Miss Haydon," he said, looking at her with a comical expression in his dark eyes.

Whatever unpleasant thoughts her words had aroused, however his mind might fly back to Katherine Branscombe and his broken faith, he concealed it well. Nothing but merriment dances in his eyes now as he made her look at him once more.

"Will it please you to remember my Christian name, Miss Haydon?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr.—well Philip, then," she added, as he stopped her with another caress. "You know I have read of such things."

"What things?"

"Why, of men promising to marry somebody, and then—"

"And then seeing somebody they liked better, and marrying that somebody—oh, darling, is that what you mean?"

"Yes."

"Why, you unsophisticated, romance-reading child! Set your heart at rest, and don't imagine rivals with daggers and bowls of poison in every woman you meet. No woman in the world has ever entered my heart till your bright face pointed the way to love. My own treasure, I shall count the days till I can call you mine!"

"I don't know what they *will* say to me," she said, with a pretty voice of fright. "Ah, don't, Mr.—well, Philip, then! There's Harriet coming!"

Harriet Myers came slowly forward from the house, and intimated that Mr. Nottley was there; she had followed her young mistress from the rectory, and had been chatting with Guiseppe while waiting for Gwendoline to come in.

"Guardy! Oh, I can't face him!" said Miss Haydon, lightly, and with a parting nod, and the faintest possible indication of a kiss of the hand to Philip, she ran off in the direction of home.

Harriet Myers loitered, and came face to face with Philip Reynell with scorn unutterable in her fierce eyes.

"You are going to marry her?" she asked, abruptly.

"I am. Will *you* try to prevent it?"

His tone was careless and haughty. Whatever secret of his this strange woman held in her keeping, he was going to set her at defiance.

"That is as it may be; but for one thing, I would step between you at the altar."

"And that is—"

"I value my life a little; the world has not been such a pleasant one to me that I need care much to stay in it, but I should like to go out of it in a quiet, decent fashion for all that."

"And you think that I would *murder* you—that I, Philip Reynell, of Boscobel, would put my neck in jeopardy for *you*? You value yourself highly, Miss Myers!"

"I think you would stoop to anything, however evil or degrading, to bring about your wishes. Some day or other people may think the same. The world looks upon Philip Reynell as a *preux chevalier*. I *know* him!"

Gwendoline Haydon would hardly have known her lover could she have seen his face while he was talking to her maid. His features were literally convulsed with passion, and he looked as though he could have stricken her down upon the spot.

"Take care what you say or do," hissed Philip, "or—"

"Or you will kill me. I'm not afraid, as I told you just now."

"No, I will not; I will have you shut up for a mad-woman; there are lunatic asylums and bedlams in the land for people of your stamp, and many a one has paid the penalty of too free a tongue, by a life-long residence there. Don't say I didn't warn you."

"I will take care of myself, Mr. Reynell; marry whom you like—you need not fear *me*; what am I? Only your future wife's waiting-maid. No one would listen to me, perhaps, if I did speak out what I know."

She curtseyed low, and walked leisurely away, as Mr. Nottley came up to where they were standing.

"I was tired of waiting," he said. "I thought Gwendoline was here."

"She was—she is gone home?"

"Why couldn't she wait for me? Did Harriet say I was in the house?"

"Yes."

"The saucy child, to run away in that manner. Why, Philip, what ails you?"

"Only something I have to say to you, that's all. It's no use—it won't keep till to-morrow."

And, linking his arm in Mr. Nottley's, Philip told him of his love and his hopes. The rector was delighted, but strove to repress any exhibition of the feeling.

"If Gwendoline says 'Yes,' I suppose I must," he said; "but we must have time to think it over, my boy. Such a marriage must not be made in a hurry. There are great interests at stake on both sides."

But for all his wise words on the subject, Philip felt that his consent was not only sure, but joyfully given, and he walked back with a light step, and elation in his heart.

"The world is all before me now," he said to himself. "Luck is on my side! Boscobel Abbey come down to me from a long line of ancestors, and the prettiest and dearest girl in all the land willing to share my lot! What imp of mischief prompted her to ask me such a question? Can she possibly have heard of Kate Branscombe? I must manage that affair somehow. The fates that have helped me so far will aid me still. I shall trust to them for an inspiration."

Guiseppe was not at his usual post of attendance when his master went into his room to dress for dinner, and Philip had rang twice before he came. When he did, he limped slightly, and his forehead and hands were cut and grazed.

"What on earth have you been doing?" his master asked.

"I met with a little accident, sir. I slipped down off a bit of rock by the roadside. It is nothing—I beg you will excuse the disfigurement."

"Oh, if you can bear it I can. By the way, is Edwards gone yet? I saw his luggage and himself come in. Did you succeed in getting rid of him?"

"I have not seen him, sir!"

"Not seen him?"

"No."

"Why, where on earth have you been all the afternoon? Out for a walk, I suppose, by your maimed condition. You should not have gone after my orders respecting Edwards."

"I misunderstood you, sir; I scarcely thought it necessary to remain at home; besides, my walk, fall and all, took only a very few minutes."

"What became of the luggage that came here?"

"It is here now, sir."

"Then Edwards must have altered his mind, and gone back without coming to the house. By the way, Guiseppe, remind me in the morning that I am going to have that hole banked up—it is not safe."

He pointed to the ruins as he spoke, and as he looked up, he met his servant's eyes in the looking-glass before which he sat.

"You did not say where you were this afternoon, after all," he said.

"I was in the room over this at the window for more than an hour," he said, quietly. "Are you ill, sir?"

The reflection of Philip Reynell's face in the glass had suddenly taken an expression like that of a man in mortal pain. Only for an instant; it faded away, and he answered as quietly—

"No, I am quite well. By the way, Guiseppe, that set of gold studs and links with the serpents' heads don't suit any shirts I have very well; you can take them as a token of how well satisfied I am with you."

"Thank you, sir, I am pleased to know you are satisfied."

"And don't forget to remind me about the masons to-morrow."

"No, sir."

A curious smile passed over the valet's face as his master left the room.

"My fortune's made," he said. "Oh, yes, he sha'n't forget the masons."

CHAPTER XIII.

One stern, tyrannic thought that made
All other thoughts its slave. —*Hood.*

Gwendoline Haydon once won—the pretty heiress promised to him irrevocably "his bride and his darling to be"—Philip Reynell was eagerly anxious for the consummation of his happiness. He wearied Mr. Nottley to let the marriage be at once and private.

What did he care, he inquired, or Gwendoline either, for pomp or ceremony? He would like to take her with no one standing by more than the dear friends who had been parents to her all her life.

But Mr. Nottley would not have it so. As Gwendoline's foster-father and guardian, he insisted on a reasonable delay, and a proper amount of pomp and ceremony over the wedding.

"You shall have my little girl," he said, "and I'm sure if my old friend could come back to life he would ratify the promise I am making; but you must let me give her to you how and when I like."

"When, sir?"

"Well, yes; I don't mean to make you serve a Jacob's apprenticeship, or insist on Gwendol's waiting till her hair turns gray for a husband; but you must give her a few months."

"Months! Oh, Mr. Nottley!"

"Yes, months; why, you are only twenty-two, and Gwendoline nineteen. If I had said years, it would have been more sensible on my part. You must give us till the spring—say May."

"Why, that's summer, and we are not into October yet."

"Shall it be to-morrow?"

"To-morrow isn't come; besides, you know the old saw—

'Marry in May, repent for aye.'

You don't want Gwendoline to live a life of perpetual repentance for matrimonial sins, do you?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"You must take three months, at least, off your time of probation. All that Boscobel wants doing to can be done in that time, and there are plenty of milliner's in the land to get all the finery ready as well."

"I suppose there are; but we cannot do things in a hurry, for all that. We owe something to society, my boy. Two such important people can't be joined together in matrimony without the world hearing of it."

Philip ultimately got his way, and had the wedding fixed for February, and then set masons and carpenters to work to make the contemplated alterations and repairs at the abbey. His own health was wonderfully improved, and Mr. Nottley advised him to travel during the cold winter months which were coming. He proposed that they should all take a tour. He could leave his curate in charge without remark, for he had been a conscientious pastor, and had seldom left his flock during his long service at Boscobel. But Philip, incomprehensibly as it seemed, refused to leave home, and showed so much nervous irritability when pressed on the subject that the rector mentioned it no more.

Gwendoline was happy anywhere so that she was near him, and left all the grumbling to her maid, who was extremely irate at what she was pleased to call Mr. Reynell's "whims," which disappointed her of a trip to the Continent. She was consoled, however, by the growing attentions of Philip's foreign valet, who, ever since his arrival, had shown an unmistakable interest in her, and it seemed patent to the servant's-hall and housekeeper's-room at Boscobel, and the limited circle round the rectory kitchen fire, that he "meant something," to use their delicate way of putting it.

That he certainly did: he meant matrimony—not so much that he loved the dark-browed, passionate lady's-maid, as that he thought he could make her useful in establishing the mastery he wished to attain over his easy-going employer. That she was *au fait* to some past phases of the Indian life of Philip Reynell which he was averse to having known in England he was well aware, and he had seen enough to be sure that her knowledge would be useful. He expressed no disappointment at the postponement of the foreign tour.

"You will have enough of it next year," his master said; "we shall take a long holiday abroad after February."

And Guiseppe bowed, and said he was very glad Mr. Reynell was not going now.

"Why now?" Philip asked. "I thought you hated England?"

"I do not like it, monsieur—what Italian or Maltese ever does? It is so cold—so *triste!* But it is not that. I have a little business that I should not like to leave just now."

"*Business?*"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Speculating, eh? What a close fellow you are, Santi—I shouldn't have thought it of you."

And Guiseppe bowed again, and smirked, flattered at his master's surprise, and then he said, meekly, that "if monsieur pleased, it was a little speculation he was engaged in—one which he hoped would turn out very well."

The subject of Edwards's visit had never been revived. Mr. Reynell had his luggage sent back to the station, and an advertisement inserted in several newspapers asking him to return, but he never came to claim it. From several hints he let drop, Mr. Nottley gathered that Philip's Indian servant had been at all times an eccentric, curious sort of man, and he set his disappearance down to the fact that he had felt hurt at his master's refusal to see him, and had gone off in dudgeon.

"Still it is odd he does not come for his things," Philip said, when they were speaking of his disappearance one day. "He used to be a careful fellow, and not likely to leave them unclaimed."

"Perhaps he has met with some accident or committed suicide," the rector said, gravely; "such things have been, you know."

"I don't think it is likely," Philip replied, with a smile that in spite of himself was rather forced. "If the first were possible, we should have heard of it somehow; if the latter—but, pshaw! That isn't likely. Edwards wasn't the sort of man to do anything of that kind. I wish now I had seen him and dismissed him myself."

"I wish you had."

"I am a very coward at anything disagreeable, and I couldn't make up my mind to say to a fellow who had come all the way from India after me that I was a thousand times better served, and that I didn't want him. I would have made him any compensation that money would make, but after Guiseppe I couldn't take him back."

"We are all of us cowards sometimes," Mr. Nottley remarked; "but I wish you had seen the poor fellow—it would have been kinder."

He sighed—a little sigh he did not mean to make apparent—for it seemed to him that his ward's betrothed husband was showing the least bit of selfishness and heartlessness over it; but Philip heard it.

"You cannot blame me more than I blame myself," he said, in a low tone. "If he does come back, I will take care to make amends."

They were sitting in Philip's room overlooking the ruins while they chatted, and *apropos* of nothing, as it seemed, Mr. Nottley made some remark about the hole which Philip had ordered to be filled up, but which had not yet been covered in. The architect sent for to examine Boscobel had given it as his opinion, that without extensive rebuilding and restoration of the ruin around it, any new brick-work would only fall in and make the place more insecure than ever. So the ruins were to be touched up and strengthened without destroying the effect of them, and in the meantime an unsightly wooden boarding protected the hole, and kept inquisitive folks from perilling their lives by peeping down.

"You are determined to make that place safe, Phil?" the rector remarked.

"Yes, I am."

"You are quite right. Its depth is only a thing of conjecture, but I should say that any one falling down there would never come up alive."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Well, no; I can only guess. I explored the Clifford end a little way once, till the air got too foul to be safe. That is not very deep, but the entrance is at the bottom of the hill. We are on higher ground here. I think I shall go down this one some day—that is, if you will give me permission. I can't go roaming at will about the old place now its master is at home."

"You may roam where you like except there. You will not do it—promise me you will not! You shall not while the abbey belongs to me!"

"My dear fellow, I'm not so bent upon it as that comes to. Why, Philip, what's the matter—are you ill?"

For Philip had turned deathly pale, and great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. Mr. Nottley pushed open the window, and let the chill October air—for it was October now—blow in upon them.

"It is nothing," Philip Reynell replied, sinking into the nearest chair, with his hand to his side. "Only one of my old spasms; but you spoke of going down there, and the very thought of such a thing makes me feel sick. I was once nearly walled up alive in a cave in India—phew! I should remember the sensation of that moment if I were to live a thousand years. Did I never tell you of that adventure?"

"No; but I have heard your father speak of it. Only a few days before he died he told me how he had nearly lost his son, and how thankful he was for your escape."

"Poor father! he was thankful. We were out, a party of us—my father and I, and—and the colonel of our regiment" (he could not bring himself to speak the name of Katherine Branscombe's father), "and a few more. One or two of us proposed to examine an old cave that looked like a burial-place, and I don't know how it happened that I went in by myself—but I did. I hadn't gone many steps before the whole front of the place fell in, and I was buried

alive—shut out in one moment from light and life, in a darkness blacker than ever Egypt was plagued with. What air was there was crushed in about me till my ears seemed thrust into my head with the pressure, and it was only a few breaths I could draw before I became insensible. It was hours before I was rescued. As fast as they dug, the earth fell in, and they had given me up for dead long before they got at me. Whenever I hear of any one going exploring in that way I always turn sick and giddy. Promise me you will not."

"Not without your free permission, my boy; not until you stand by and see me do it."

"That will never be; but you will not take advantage of my absence in the spring to go down?"

"What I promise for one time I promise for always," the rector said. "You may be sure I shall not intrude there."

He spoke a little shortly, thinking how very nervous and touchy on some points Philip was, and he was rather glad when Guiseppe, coming in with his noiseless, cat-like movement, announced that a "person" wished to see Mr. Reynell.

"What sort of a person?" asked his master. "Gentleman or lady?"

"Lady, sir—at least, a farmer's wife. Mrs. Mayhew, she bade me say, sister of Edwards."

"I—I can't see her; tell her so. Tell her all we know about him."

"I did, sir."

"Then beg her to understand that I can give her no information whatever; that I have advertised—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I did as much as that. Knowing what your wishes would be, I told her everything, but she begs to see you. She apologizes, being a *perfect stranger*, but would be very grateful if you would allow her to speak to you."

Something in the tone of his voice as he said "perfect stranger" made Mr. Nottley look keenly at him, but nothing could be gathered from his face—it was as stolid and imperturbable as ever.

"You had better see her, Phil," the rector said. "It looks unkind to refuse."

"I don't want to be unkind, I am sure. Ask her to step here, Santi."

Mrs. Mayhew was ushered in—a sonsy, good-looking, middle-aged woman, unmistakably a farmer's wife of the good old school. She was thoroughly well dressed for her station, and seemed a little flurried at being introduced to the magnificence of the Abbey interior. As Philip had said, she was a perfect stranger to him, only guessing by the different ages of the gentlemen which was the one she wanted.

The pleasant manner of her lost brother's master set her quite at her ease, and she told how Edwards had written to her, telling her not to meet him at Portsmouth for fear of missing him, but to wait another letter from him.

"And did you get it?" asked Mr. Nottley.

"Oh, yes, sir; he wrote from Portsmouth, saying he should be home the next day. My husband's farm isn't more than twenty miles from here, just by the Hay, but we've never seen him. He said he was sure Mr. Reynell would let him come at once."

"I'm sure I should if I had seen him—that is, if he had come to the house," Philip said, kindly.

And then he told Mrs. Mayhew all he knew, and advised her to claim her brother's belongings at the station, and see if she could find any clue in them. He begged her to go to the housekeeper's room and get refreshment, and ordered Guiseppe to show her the Abbey if she would like to see it. She was proud of the attention, but her heart was very full.

"I hav'n't seen my brother since I was quite a girl, gentlemen," she said, as an excuse for the tears she tried to hide, but which had to be wiped away in spite of her, "and there are only the two of us left now. It does seem hard that I should lose him like this; I seem to feel he's dead somehow."

CHAPTER XIV.

Oh, that those lips had language! life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
—*Cowper.*

Guiseppe was extremely polite to this sister of the missing Edwards. Without any appearance of pumping her, he managed to extract from her all she knew about her brother without telling her anything in return, and he showed her all the objects of interest in and about the Abbey, and introduced her to Mrs. Griffiths, the housekeeper, with the *bonhomie* and frankness he knew so well how to assume. He escorted her to the station to claim the luggage lying there, and then to the village, where she was going to pass the night, and where his appearance caused her to be received with as much respect as though she were a duchess.

He was somewhat curious about the travel-worn boxes and bags that formed Edwards's equipment, but no hints of his were sufficient to forcible to make Mrs. Mayhew open them in his presence.

"I'll just take them home as they are," she said; "maybe they're tighely packed, and I should have some trouble to put them up again."

"You will let Mr. Reynell know if you find any clue—that is, if there is anything in them that will tell you where he is?"

The word clue was rather beyond Mrs. Mayhew.

"Surely, sir," she replied; "but I'm not much of a writer, and I shouldn't like to make so bold as to write to Mr. Reynell. If you wouldn't mind, I'd get my master to write to you."

"I should be delighted, I'm sure," Guiseppe said. "I'll write my name down for you in case you forget it."

Which he did, and she went away to her home at Clyro, wondering not a little at the gentlemanly manners of this foreign servant.

"Not that I should like to have much to do with him," she said to her husband, who was waiting for her at the nearest point at which the stage-coach passed their pretty farm-house at Clyro. "There's a suspicious, watching look in his eyes that makes one feel as though he was trying to find out something."

Which Monsieur Santi certainly always was.

"Then thou'st gotten no word of thy brother?" John Mayhew asked, as they drove along.

"Never a word. They were very good to me at Boscobel; but it seemed to me that the master there was afraid of something."

"Mr. Reynell?"

"Yes; he never looked me straight in the face when he was telling me about Sam, and he was always fidgetting and shifting with his fingers and his feet. He's very handsome, and kindly, and all that, but I shouldn't like him to be master or landlord of mine."

"And they gave thee the poor lad's things without any fuss?"

"Oh, yes; the foreign man managed all that at the station; everybody seemed to cotton to him as though he was master. Eh, John, I shouldn't like to live in a big house like that. What dost think I kept fancying all the time I was there?"

"I don't know. What!"

"Why, that poor Sam had been murdered among 'em, and hidden away somewhere under the grand carpets and fine staircases. I felt stifled in the place."

"Thou'rt nervous, my lass, with disappointment and worry. I don't believe as Sam is dead; he'll turn up some time. Maybe that hot country has turned his brain, and made him get a bit wrong in the head like. Many folk do that stop there long, they say."

"He was not wrong in his head when he wrote to us; no, John, he's somewhere about that old place. I seemed to feel it while I sat there talking to that young man."

"Nonsense, wife; thou'rt surely pixie-led to think so," responded the farmer, to whom a belief in fairies and pixies, helpful and mischievous, was part of his nature. "Boscobel's a fine place, and the Reynells are a good old race, that never did a mean thing in their lives. Why should they make away with a servant? Sam wasn't in their way."

"No; but he was in some one else's."

"Who's?"

"The foreign man's. If Sam were in his place that man would have to go. Heaven forgive me, but when I looked into that man's face after the housekeeper had told me all she knew, I felt inclined to ask him, like Cain was asked, where my brother was."

"I must have the doctor to thee, Aggie, when we get home," John Mayhew remarked, with a smile. "Thou'rt getting the nerves, lass, whatever that complaint may be. Cheer up; we'll find out something about it when we open his boxes."

Arrived at the prettiest farmhouse in all Radnorshire, close to the pretty church at Clyro, and within sight of the noble domain of the Baskevilles, Mrs. Mayhew had to submit to the boisterous welcome of many small Mayhews, who besieged her pockets and basket with yells and wild dances of joy, and to inquire after and hear of all her live stock, from noble, well-fed cows down to a miserable jackdaw, blind, and without a tail, which tumbled headlong off its perch at the sound of her voice, and had to be picked up ignominously by the youngest boy and put up again.

All the uproar over, there was the dairy to visit, and the poultry to see, and the servants to catechise, and then tea to be eaten and cleared away, and the children to be put to bed, before the boxes standing in the big houseplace might be brought in and uncorded.

Mrs. Mayhew was utterly a prosaic, matter-of-fact woman, but, like most countrybred people, deep down in her nature there existed a perfect mine of romance and strong, passionate love, and it had grown and grown for her absent brother, till only the shock of his non-arrival told her how fervent it had been. She had never seen him since she, a comely, well-doing servant girl, had been summoned home to comfort her parents under the tremendous affliction of Sam having enlisted.

He had gone to the fair at Hay, and after all the excitement of shows, fights, and other out-door amusements incidental to such annual gatherings, had gone into a public-house, and flushed with much cider, had fallen an easy prey to the ribbon-bedizened sergeant in scarlet, who had turned the heads of half the servant-girls in the little town, and lured away no end of lazy young men to be made smart soldiers of when time and drill should have taken the awkwardness out of them.

Sam Edwards listened to the tales of gold and glory wherewith recruiting sergeants were allowed at one time to beguile the lieges, and thought it would be a fine thing to swagger about in scarlet, and be admired by the ladies. "A shilling a day, a bounty, fine clothes, and *nothing to do*," were the baits held out to the country lads, who toiled every day, wet or dry, till their bones ached, and thought the latter *ultimatum* the height of human bliss.

They fell into the trap by dozens, and shook hands with the sergeant, and pocketed the shilling to get more drunk and more loyal, till they were huddled off to bed, to make the most miserably repentant soldiers in all the noble army. Sam Edwards, not quite so drunk as his fellows, or thinking, perhaps, that Her Majesty would wait his pleasure to join her troops, quietly walked out of the Rose and Crown, and made his way home with the Queen's shilling in his pocket, and the next morning terrified his parents with the quiet and concise announcement he was not going to farm-work any more—he'd "listed."

To sit down and cry out loud so that the neighbors could hear was his mother's reception of the news—to send for Hester his father's. She lived close at hand, this sensible elder sister, and her advent quieted matters a little. They had none of them any idea of what penalty Sam might have incurred by coming home, Mrs. Edwards had fearful visions of her son lying dead in a barrack-square, with a dozen bullets through his body, and was nearly frantic when the sergeant and two men put in an appearance, having tracked the fugitive with out any trouble, and took him away. Hester had never seen him since. She went away to a more distant service, and her brother to India almost before he had time to learn the goose-step properly.

It all came back to her vividly as she watched her husband opening the boxes. She could hardly realize that twenty years had passed since then, and that her marriage, and all the troop of healthy, hungry boys and girls up stairs, were things of the future when Sam went away. There were two portraits of him hanging in the best room of that Clyro farm-house—a room unused except on occasions of state and ceremony, where the chairs were very slippery, and the furniture in the highest state of polish and primness. They hung over a chest of drawers you might have seen your face in, and formed part of a little trophy of *Lares* and *Penates*, without which Mrs. Mayhew's best parlor would have seemed to her a howling wilderness. They supported on either side a tea-tray which had belonged to her grandmother, and which represented in the highest style of tea-tray art, a blue serpent in a brown tree, offering a yellow apple to a very pink Eve, in a raiment of parti-colored leaves, while a bronze Adam, with a girdle of vivid green, looked complacently on from a back-ground of neutral tint.

The portraits were very different. One was a faded, washed-out water-color miniature, representing an awkward apple-faced lad in a smock-frock and breeches, with all the peculiarity of bony ankles, bulgy knees and immense feet, and had been bargained for, as Mrs. Mayhew remembered, for half-a-crown and his dinner, from a hard-up itinerant artist. The other was a photograph—a work of art of some ten years later—sent home from India, and represented the raw material thoroughly worked up and polished. There he was—square-shouldered, straight-legged, upright, with no remnant of hobbledyhoyishness left in him, chest well out, fingers well down, &c., &c., and a very good-looking fellow he was.

"I shouldn't have known him if he had come home, I'm sure I shouldn't," said Mrs. Mayhew, glancing at the portrait, which she had taken down. "Poor Sam."

The tears fell from her eyes and blurred the glass, and she rubbed it tenderly, as we do touch inanimate objects when they are relics of those we have loved and lost.

"How proud poor mother was of this," she said. "She used to show it to every lady, and call it her handsome boy, and poor Sam was ugly enough when he went away, goodness knows."

"I've opened the boxes, Hester," her husband said, "and I hav'n't hurt 'em a bit. The screws came out quite easy."

With tender care, almost amounting to reverence, the husband and wife took the things out of their places, and laid them aside on the table. In vain they sought for any clue to the mysterious absence of their owner. Everything showed that Edwards had been a quiet, orderly, steady young man. There were his clothes, folded in true soldierly fashion, a few books, little packets of letters, showing that he still treasured the memory of home, and the Bible his mother had given him when he went away so many years before. It had not been read much, perhaps—soldiers, as a rule, are not a Bible-reading race—but it had been kept. The sister remembered it well; it did not seem a day older or more worn than when she had seen her mother give it to him. There was her name in the laborious, cramped writing which was all she could master in the way of penmanship, and the words "*To my dear boy*" painfully scrawled underneath; there were little tokens of love, in the shape of presents to his sister and her husband; and a big parcel, marked "*For the children.*"

"Not a word to tell of his going anywhere," Mr. Mayhew said. "I'm beginning to think thou'rt right, wife, and that it's not fair means as is keeping him."

"But what can we do, John?"

"We'll ask the parson, Hester; maybe he'll be able to advise us."

"Here's another parcel; perhaps there's something in here."

She laid a small parcel, carefully done up and sealed, by the side of the other things; it was the last article in the box.

"Shall we open it?" he said, turning it over; "it's sealed."

"There may be something inside to help us; I'll bear the blame if there is any."

Her hand shook as she broke the seals with an agitation she could hardly comprehend. A little writing case was all there was in the parcel, simply held together with a strap. There was not much in it—a little money, his soldier's small book and bank account, showing him to be a thrifty man and to have money to his hand, a few recent letters, and some photographs.

"Why, here's us and the young 'uns," John Mayhew said, turning over the cards, which depicted themselves and their children in all sorts of wonderful attitudes. "He set store by us, thou see'st."

"Aye, poor fellow; what's that other one?"

She was standing behind him, her hand on his shoulder, as he lifted the last carte, wrapped carefully in paper.

"*My dear master, Lieutenant Philip Reynell.*"

"Why, that'll be the young fellow thou saw at Boscobel. Well, he is a good-looking chap, and I suppose that's his writing. '*Philip Reynell to S. Edwards.*' No wonder he sets store by it. What's the matter, Hester?" for his wife's hand had tightened into a hard grasp, and there was a curious expression in her face. "Is it like him?"

"Very like."

"What art thou thinking of, then."

"That the only place to look for my brother is buried under the stones somewhere in that old house," was Mrs. Mayhew's enigmatical reply. "Put up the things, David; he'll never claim them, unless he comes from the next world to do it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SEAMAN'S STORY.

"'Bout three years ago, 'fore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second-engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd had no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin'; so that, altogether, as you may think, the cap'n warn't altogether in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief-engineer, he was an easy-goin' sort o' chap, as nothin' on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool, he cum down to me in a precious hurry, lookin' as if *somethin'* had put him out pretty considerably.

"'Tom,' says he, 'what d'ye think? Blest if we ain't found a stowaway.' (That's the name, you know, sir, as we gives to chaps as hides theirselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)

"'The dickens you have!' says I. 'Who is he, and where did yer find him?'

"'Well, we found him stowed away among the casks for'ard; and ten to one we'd never ha' twigged him at all, if the skipper's dog hadn't sniffed him out and begun barkin'. Sitch a little mite as he is too! I could a most put him in my baccy-pouch, poor little beggar! but he looks to be a good plucked un for all that.'

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket; and there I *did* see a sight, and no mistake. Every man Jack o' the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo'c'stle, and in the middle stood the fust-mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, looking a reg'lar mite, among all them big fellers, was a little bit o' a lad, not over ten year old—ragged as a scare-crow, but with bright curly hair, and a bonnie little face o' his own, if it hadn't been so woful thin and pale. But, bless yer soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great, hulkin' black-bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young un warn't a bit afeard—he stood straight up and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' hisn, for all the world as if he was Prince Halfred himself. Folk *did* say arterwards" (lowering his voice to a whisper) "as how he comed o' better blood nor what he ought; and, for my part, I'm rayther o' that way o' thinkin' myself; for I never yet seed a common street-Harab (as they calls 'em now) carry it off like *him*. You might ha' heard a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

"'Well, you young whelp, says he in his grimmest voice, 'what brought *you* here?'

"'It was my step-father as done it,' says the boy in a weak little voice, but as steady as could. 'Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and gav me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane at Halifax; and here's her address.'

"And with that he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it right enough.

"We all believed every word on't even without the paper; for his look and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there warn't a ha'p'orth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swaller the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say: 'I'm too old a bird to be caught with *that* kind o' chaff;' and then he says to him 'Look here, my lad; that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some of these men of mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't, it'll be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says, quite quietly: 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him; and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Reeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead; 'smart, now!'

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say: 'What on earth's a-comin' now?' But aboard ship, o' course, when you're told to do a thing, you've *got* to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

"'Now, my lad,' says the mate in a hard, *square* kind o' voice, that made every word seem like fittin a stone in a wall, 'you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess' (he took out his watch and held it his hand); and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast a-wakin' out of a nap.

"'Silence there!' shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'-easter. 'Stand by to run for'ard!' and with his own hands he puts the noose round the boy's neck. The little feller never flinched a bit; but there was some among the sailors (big, strong chaps as could ha' felled a ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' *my* little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang *him*; and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched theirselves as if they was a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a hand-spike, and I held it behind my back, all ready.

"'Tom,' whispers the chief-engineer to me, 'd' ye think he really means to do it?'

"'I don't know,' says I, through my teeth; 'but if he does, *he* shall go first, if I swings for it!'

"I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the reg'lar tick o' the mate's watch pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was standin', in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he *did* go for to hang the poor little chap I'd kill him on the spot, and take my chance.

"'Eight minutes!' says the mate, his great, deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. 'If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for yer time's nearly up.'

"'I've told you the truth,' answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. 'May I say my prayers, please?'

"The mate nodded; and down goes the poor little chap on his knees (with that infernal rope about his neck all the time), and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (fact, my head was in sitch a whirl that I'd hardly ha' knowed my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate, quite quietly: 'I'm ready!'

"And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face *broke up* all to once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and burst out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know *I* did, for one.

"'God bless you, my boy!' says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great, hard hand. 'You're the true sailor every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast ye off, *I'll* be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me.'

"And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax, he found out the little un's aunt, an' giv' her a lump o' money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond o' him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below; so I'll just wish yer good-night."

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THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. January, 1873. American edition. This number contains "The Recovery of Jerusalem," "Letters and Journals of Lord Elgin," "The Works of Thackeray," "Froude's English in Ireland," "The Church and Dissent," "Middlemarsh," and other good articles. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

OLD AND NEW for March contains "God in History," "The New York Positivists," "The French Provinces," "The Words of the Sea," etc., etc. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE MILWAUKEE LITERARY REVIEW for February. This journal is edited with a good deal of ability and independence, and is also very neatly gotten up. Published by the Literary Review Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY, No. 26. Published by Elias Howe, Boston. We think, frankly, that this is about the best musical publication in the country. In the selection of the pieces, both vocal and instrumental, a really cultivated musical taste is often shown. The price of each monthly number is thirty-five cents, and it contains thirty-two large quarto pages.

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Office of the Society, No. 1320 Chestnut street, Philada.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Wedding-cards are now made very long and narrow.

☞ The discovery of another Swedish nightingale is announced.

☞ A child in Logan county, Ill., was fatally poisoned recently, by chewing a glove.

☞ The papers are making quite an ado about the falling of a tree which killed an old servant of Gen. Washington. We don't very well see how a tree could fall without killing one of them.

☞ Rosa Bonheur says she wants to paint a group of American saw-horses before she gives up the brush. Ours need a new coat, but we will not throw out any hints.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

☞ PROGRESS.—A female student of medicine, out West, wrote home to her friends for twenty dollars, "to buy a man to cut up."

☞ That Pittsburgh girl has sent back those two barges of coal which her father gave her for a bridal present, and says she guesses she can make it hot enough for "hubby" without any outside help.

☞ The Hoosac Tunnel who sends us poetry from Newtown, will confer a favor on this office by skating over air-holes.—*Danbury News.*

☞ A Macon, Georgia, mule made a decided hit in the production of *The Cataract of the Ganges* on the local stage there recently. The "hit" was made with the mule's dexter hind hoof on one of the star performers, resulting in a total eclipse.

☞ The prisoners in the Olympia, Oregon, jail demand oysters, or they threaten to strike; and they want them served up in some kind of style too.

☞ It rained the other evening, and there was an entertainment. A young gentleman said to a young lady: "May I have the pleasure of protecting you with my umbrella?" And said she, with her round, expressive eyes looking full into his, "Put up your rag." We like to see people sociable.

☞ A pleasant little reunion was quite upset, recently, by one of the children asking, in a painfully audible tone—"Mamma, why did you tell me not to say anything about Mr. Jenkins's nose? He hasn't got any."

☞ "Rheumatism Discussed," is the theme of a Western editor. A neighbor suggests that he drop the first syllable from the last word and go on with his harangue.

☞ Two of the models for the Farragut statue are already designated as "the foreman of a fire-company tied to a chimney, and calling the boys to let nobody take their water," and "an aged gentleman with a balance-pole about to walk a rope."

☞ A Maine man has succeeded in making a very fair artificial oyster out of flour paste, tapioca, salt and water. The inventor places these in second-hand oyster-shells, which are carefully glued around the edges, and when a half intoxicated customer calls for "a dozen raw on the half-shell," he gets them fresh from the shop.

☞ A cotemporary remarks that an old gentleman's "head is covered with the snows of seventy-four winters." He must have a remarkably large head if the snow of one such winter as this last one won't cover it.

☞ There is a man knocking around in the Custom House at Halifax in search of a tin box containing $60,000, which he says must have been landed there in 1864. We hope he may find it—but if he does, our government had better adopt at once the Nova Scotia method of selecting Custom House officers.—*New York Mail.*

☞ A marriage was performed at Waterloo, Michigan, recently, between a man aged 88, and a girl of 20. The bridegroom presented his bride with an estate worth $11,000, before the ceremony.

☞ Some young girls in Albany nearly killed a companion by administering ether, with the impression that when under its influence they could make her confess who sent a certain valentine.

☞ The Louisville, Ky., Medical College turned out fifty new, fiery and untamed doctors upon the community last Friday. The faculty have used up so many sheep-skins for diplomas of late that they dare not look a spring lamb in the face.—*St. Louis Dem.*

☞ A defeated litigant in Wyoming demands that the verdict against him be set aside, on the ground that one of the jurors had her baby with her in contravention of the law, which ordains that no thirteenth person shall be present during the deliberations of the jury.

☞ Why did not George Washington's sister go with him to cut the cherry tree? Because she had not got her little hat yet.

☞ A Kentucky editor received the following note from a subscriber, asking that a false notice of his death might be corrected: "Sir, I notis a few errars in the obituary of myself wich appeered in your paper of last wensday, I was born in greenup co. not coldwell, and my retirement from bisnes in 1869 was not owin to ill helth, but to a little truble I had in conection with a horse, and the cors of my deth was not small pox, pleas make the corrections for wich i enclose 50 cents."

☞ The Danbury News says a man in that town, hearing of Emily Faithfull for the first time, wants to know whom she murdered.

☞ In a letter to his friends at home, an intelligent foreigner states that "when a great man dies in the United States, the first thing done is to propose a fine statue in his honor; next, to raise part of the necessary money; next, to forget to order any statue, and last, to wonder what became of the money." The remark shows close observation and clear judgment.

☞ In the London Lancet we find the following advertisement: "Wanted—A respectable and responsible female attendant for a young lady addicted to intemperance."

☞ A drowned man, who had apparently been dead for three hours, was resuscitated by a Belgian surgeon by placing iron plates, heated to a white heat, over the vital parts of the man's body.

☞ A Stonington girl recently contracted neuralgia by sleeping with her hands in a stocking of mush to whiten them. The mush froze.

☞ There is not the slightest truth in the statement going the rounds of the press, that a Fort Wayne (Ind.) editor owes a saloon in that town seventy-five cents for liquid groceries. One editor calls upon the heavens to fall, and earth to open and swallow up the miscreant who originated so awful a story. At last accounts there were no signs of important celestial or terrestrial changes, and the editorial fraternity take their bitters as of yore.

Mrs. E. F. Bowlar, of Little Genesee, N. Y., has used a Grover & Baker Machine for *eighteen years* on all kinds of family work. She says it never required the least repairs, and is still in good working order.

DON'T HAWK, HAWK, SPIT, SPIT, BLOW, BLOW, and disgust everybody with your Catarrh and its offensive odor, when Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will speedily destroy all odor, arrest the discharge, and cure you. 614.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMIUM CHROMO.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.
By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Lady Andinnian's Trial," etc.

UNA AND HER PRINCE.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquette," etc.

A NOVELET.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

A NOVELET.
By Miss FANNIE HODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story," "Raeburn," etc. [Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.]

FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, ETC.

Fine Engravings of the Fashions will represent the latest styles in Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hats, Headdresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character, embracing pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections. These choice and elegant Engravings are a special feature of this Magazine, and should entitle it to the preference over all others.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most popular Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth double the price of the Magazine.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS

Sewing Machines, Plated Ware, Gold Chains, &c.

Those desiring to get up Lists of subscribers to the Lady's Friend, will be well compensated. The list of Premiums is the same as for the Post.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, and which has all the rich and glowing colors of a fine oil painting—will be sent to the getter-up of every club, and, *under special rates*, to every subscriber. This Chromo is copyrighted, and the regular price of it is Five Dollars. It cannot be obtained for less than that price, except in connection with "The Lady's Friend," or "The Saturday Evening Post." It is twelve by fifteen inches in size.

TERMS—With the Chromo—Always in Advance.

One copy of The Lady's Friend, and one copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	$2.50
One copy of the Lady's Friend, one of "The Saturday Evening Post," and one Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	5.00
Four copies of the Lady's Friend and four Chromos (and one Chromo gratis),	8.00
Eight copies of The Lady's Friend, and eight Chromos, (and one copy each of the Magazine and Chromo gratis, for the sender of the club),	16.00
Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at	2.00

☞ These clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents is added for each number of THE POST taken.

TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.

Without the Chromo, we will send the Magazine at the old rates. One copy for $2.00. Four copies for $6.00. Eight copies (and one gratis to the sender of the Club) for $12.00. All additional at $1.50. Copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be taken in these Clubs at $2.00 apiece, which is now THE POST'S lowest Club price. The Chromo of "Little Samuel" will be sent to the sender of each Club, as a special reward for his or her trouble; and to each club-subscriber for one dollar extra.

One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) for $4.50.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—Any one entitled a Chromo, may take in its place, if he so desires, a copy of either of our handsome Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

☞ Those desirous of getting up a Club, or a Premium List, shall have a copy of the Magazine sent to them gratis. They would also find it advisable to remit one dollar, for which we will send a copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel" in addition. They must state expressly, however, that they wish the Chromo for this purpose, or else it will not be furnished. If the Chromo gets seriously injured in canvassing for subscribers another will be sent to replace it.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded *in all cases*, to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 20 cents.

☞ The mysterious name of the "monkey-wrench" was taken from its inventor, Mr. Monkey, who still lives in New Jersey.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1873.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." [Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.00. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST (with the CHROMO, or one of our STEEL ENGRAVINGS,) and a copy of "PEMBERTON; OR, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO" (postage paid), for $3.50.

One copy of "PEMBERTON" (postage paid) $1.75.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $6.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $10 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy of THE POST *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 87 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.62; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish the Chromo or an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address **H. PETERSON & Co.,**
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

We have purchased a number of the well-known Chromo called

"THE BAREFOOT BOY,"

designed to illustrate Whittier's celebrated poem of that name, beginning—

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot Boy, with cheeks of tan;
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes."

This Chromo is very fairly executed, and is ten by thirteen inches in size.

We will send it to any of our subscribers who is entitled to a premium and who may prefer it to waiting for "Little Samuel."

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

COLD COMFORT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A wretched old woman died not long since in a condition filthy and neglected beyond description. Sometimes during her sickness she had been left for days together without any food, and sometimes too during the bitterest days of this winter she had no fire. She suffered thus alone through sheer neglect, for she had money enough of her own to pay for all necessary comforts. There were plenty of neighbors around, too, plenty of those gentle, tender-hearted women whom poets and old fogies sing about so much. Nevertheless the poor old creature died, wretched, dirty, forlorn, deserted of all her kind. For a month before she died, she had not even a change of clothing. And I dare say her shabby little room wasn't swept or aired during the whole six weeks of her illness. If she wanted so much as a drink of water, she could not get it. They left her to suffer and die like a dog in his kennel, and so at last she did die.

What then? The moment the breath was out of her miserable, starved, dirty body, the tender-hearted neighbor women came flocking in. Two or three of them washed the poor old body, and decked it in clean, decent garments. Two more of them cleansed and changed the coverings of the wretched bed, and still two others of them swept, scoured and aired the shabby, filthy room. After that they laid the dead body back upon the bed, and covered all with a pure white drapery. Then came some long-faced, solemn sisters of somebody or something or other, and clad the poor remains in a nice black dress, and stitched beautiful white satin crosses over the breast, and folded the pale, dead hands over it in an exceedingly lovely and devout manner, altogether sweet and touching indeed. Very fine and brave the poor old soul looked after she was dead. Not an angel from Heaven would have dreamed that this dressed-up, dead lady was the wretched old vagabond who had died like a starved dog in a hole. They bought her a brave coffin, too, (she had money, as I told you,) and sent her to her last resting place in a grand hearse with waving plumes and high-stepping black horses. They had a grand powwow said over her at the church before they buried her, and prayers, music and chanting and all that, as if the starved old creature had been a princess.

It was all very fine. Oh, yes!

And what a terrible mockery it all was! Quarter of the care and expense which they bestowed upon the cold, worthless clay of the poor soul after she was dead, would have soothed and comforted her last, lonely hours, and might have saved her life. Nay; if the cold-hearted neighbors and the long-faced religious sisters had done their human duty years ago to the friendless creature, she might have lived and died an honest, decent, kindly woman, with troops of good Christians to console her last hours and close her dying eyes. She was not bad by nature—no worse than you and I, only lonely and ignorant, that was all. And I say we are all, every one of us, our brother's and sister's keeper.

What good did all the fuss and scrubbing do that poor, unconscious dead body? It would have been just as well off, the vagabond woman herself would have been as well off, if that dead body had been thrown into the first hole and covered with earth. Worthless honors to a worthless dead body are but a bitter mockery of the honor which ought to be paid to the living human being. What is it to that poor lost soul that the soft-hearted women scrub her lifeless body after she is out of it? They did not lift a hand to help her purify her soul while she was yet in the body. They did not even light a fire to warm her when she was dying. The long-faced religious sisters knew, weeks before she died, that she was hungry, cold, and horribly dirty, and not one among them all came near to relieve her. Not they. They stitched white satin crosses upon her breast after she was dead. Humanity, Christian love, charity, brotherly kindness, religion, the kinship of the same theological dogma all combined together, were equal to the herculean labor of stitching a couple of white satin crosses upon the breast of a dead body, the body of a woman who had died of neglect. Oh, sweet Christian charity!

They are going to erect a showy monument over her grave. The money spent in burying her and building her a monument would have kept the poor old creature comfortably for a year. So wags the world. It lets men and women die of neglect, and then gives their dead bodies a fine funeral. Nay, oftentimes its baseness, ingratitude, and black malice drive its very noblest and best souls madly out of life. After that it gives them a column in the newspapers. This world hunts people to death, and then builds them a grand monument. ZIG.

A MAY-DAY IDYL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Blossomy weather by the brook.
A May day idyl! Who can tell
My sweet, how soon the buds may droop—
How soon we both may say farewell?
The buds, I say, ma belle, may droop
And from the stem may fall away,
Though on the morrow we may part;
Why then, be happy for a day.
Nay now, why do you dim your eye
With tears, and heave that mournful sigh?
To-day I pray you eat your fill
Lest on the morrow you should die!

You ask me why I scoff and sneer
At things as bright and sweet as these?
Alas! I'm fated to offend
Although I ever try to please!

But look, my dear, the blossoms fall
A fragrant shower on your curls,
What shall I say to please you, sweet,
My little Blanche! my queen of girls?
Say, shall I praise your gleaming locks;
Or vaunt your face as fair as day?
Speak but the word, I am your slave,
And will endeavor to obey.
You won't be coaxed? Well then, my Blanche,
I'll neither coax, nor scoff, nor sneer,
But always follow your light steps,
For you will make the path more clear.

EGO.

SINGLE WOMEN CAN DO ANYTHING THEY LIKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Zig says, "As for the single woman and the married woman who is unoccupied with the pleasant cares of house and babies—as for these they can do anything in this world they like—" ignoring a well-known truth that we are to a great extent what circumstances compel us to be. I mean we who have real strength of purpose, real force of character.

Taking things as they actually are in this world, it is morally impossible for even every single woman to do or be what she pleases, not to mention the married ones.

Here is a case in point:

Ruth Goodheart was single, lived with father, mother and an unmarried brother; had a pleasant home, a competence; mother healthy and devoted; kitchen girl faithful and attached to the family. Surely Ruth could do or be what she pleased if any single woman could. Music was her *forte*. She had neglected her musical opportunities in her school days. Now she would study the beautiful art for the pure love of it. She commenced. Everything seemed to second her efforts for a time. "Oh, I have learned *so much* this term," she was saying. When suddenly came the *fiat of circumstances*. Her father's sickness, painful and long-continued, put a stop to her study and practice; for years the sweet sounds of music were banished from her home, giving place to the hushed silence and the wearing ministrations of the sick-room.

The father died. Months passed on. Again Ruth turned with renewed energy to her favorite study. But she was older now; her voice had lost something of its youthful richness; the muscles of her hands were less elastic than when last she lightly fingered the ivory keys; but success waits to crown all earnest, true endeavor; and Ruth was earnest; Ruth was faithful. Like a true lover of art she labored not for *eclat*, but for pure love of the heavenly pursuit. Success, though distant, had just appeared, when lo! an intervening obstacle shuts it once more from sight.

The mother's step-mother—not a "blood-akin,"—(as the grandmothers say, but one whose debt of gratitude never can be paid because she took true motherly care of her motherless step-children when they could not take care of themselves, this aged lady needs a home and tender nursing for her second childhood. Ruth's mother in the nobleness of her soul takes to her fireside the good, old lady who cared for her when she was in her orphaned infancy. And what of poor Ruth's music? Ah! the aged ears can bear but little, and the aged child must be carefully, patiently tended! Ruth sadly, silently resigns the one great aim of her life, and devotes herself to the filial duties that press upon her. But is her life a failure?

Suppose Ruth had disregarded the peevish wishes of an invalid father, had "pitched" her mother's step-mother "neck and heels out of doors" and ridden her musical hobby to the very pinnacle of fame, would her life have been a success? Ah, no! In the discipline through which Ruth has passed she has attained to a success which indeed is ignored by the world, a success nevertheless which angels before the Great White Throne shall herald as great and glorious when the mere earthly triumphs of pianist and *cantatrice* are forever forgotten. She has denied self; she has ministered to the sick, the weak, the afflicted; *she has* CONQUERED, though the world sees it not, and only knows that she has failed to be what she aimed to be. She looks to the life beyond this for the triumph that surely awaits her, when she shall possess a golden harp, and heavenly skill to touch its wondrous strings in harmony with the celestial orchestra. WADE.

Comparative Numbers of Religious Denominations.

The following table of the number of edifices, with their accommodations, belonging to the different religious denominations in this country is compiled from the United States census reports for 1870:

Denominations.	*Edifices.*	*Sittings.*
Baptist	12,857	3,997,116
Methodist Episcopal	21,337	6,528,209
Presbyterian	5,684	3,337,172
Protestant Episcopal	2,691	991,051
Congregationalist	2,715	1,111,219
Lutheran	2,776	977,332
Unitarian	316	156,471
Universalist	602	210,884
Friends	662	224,664
Moravian	67	23,700
Roman Catholic	3,806	1,999 514
Jewish	102	73,265
Mormon	161	85,350

☞ Niagara county, N. Y., has a Bald-Headed Man's Association. No one is admitted who has not a well-defined "skating-park" or base-ball ground upon his cranium.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST—Every article on "fashion" that it has been my great pleasure to read any time within the last two weeks, has commenced with an allusion to Lent, and a pretty, dreamy, exhaustive effort at sentiment, in which "sweet pensiveness," "penitential repose" and the "mellow moonlight of forgiveness," was inextricably entangled with laces, and feathers, and ruches, and roses—and the whole affair, when finished, contained only the stereotyped bit of information that there was absolutely nothing new, and wouldn't be until the season of "fasting and prayer" should be ended.

Nevertheless, the column had to be written I suppose, and the more seasonable it could be made the better. I like pretty sentimental writing, even if I don't glean much knowledge from it—but after I have had all the bonnets and back-hair, and trains and polonaises, and overskirts draped and undraped, and puffings and ruches, and trimmings of all kinds served up for seven or eight months without a single addition in the way of a novelty, I find myself in the condition of the boarder who liked hash for sixty or seventy meals, but didn't think much of it for steady diet.

That we are going to have something new is a fixed fact. All the fashion gossips admit that; and they try to make out that they shall know it a little in advance of everybody else—which they won't.

Now I was talking with a gentleman the other day, whose business it is to design styles. I suppose he is one of the most designing persons in New York. I don't know of a single pretty shape in overskirts and jackets that did not emanate from his artistic brain; while in polonaises the different kinds that he has thrust upon an unoffending public, are enough to drive one wild. He it was who gave to us the pretty "Marguerite," most tasteful and popular of all, and with the sweetest name too, if they did afterward re-christen it the "Dolly Varden." It is a shame the way that man works. Not that his hours are long and the labor heavy, but that the moment he completes a beautiful design it is swung out as the "very latest" received by "the last steamer," and then follows something about Worth or Worthless, or some other prime favorite; and poor Jones in the back room cudgelling his brains over something else, has never a chance to become popular, not even though he made angels of all womankind—but that would be a little beyond him, I reckon.

Now, if you were to go to the fellow who furnishes the weather for us, and he should tell you just what to expect for the next twenty-four hours, you would feel perfectly satisfied that you knew all about it; and that's the way I feel when I go to Jones and he explains to me the long, irregular lead pencil and blue-chalk marks on those immense sheets of brown paper. Sometimes I feel like asking him to desist, knowing perfectly well that the thing he is designing will be only a snare to catch unwary women in. That, in a word, it is something that could not, by any possibility, be becoming, and that the only purpose it would ever serve would be to waste somebody's material and make the wearer look a fright, which, if she had taste enough to discover it, would try her temper. And when a woman's temper is tried, things are unpleasant in her immediate vicinity. But I have always so far refrained from unnecessary comments and unpleasant suggestions, for he sends out so many styles that no one can find fault with, that I think he may be pardoned for a few that are monstrous and useless. There is one sin of which he never has been guilty—and imagination helping him, he says, he never will be. He has never planned a garment that could be made to serve two or three several and distinct purposes. Nobody else ever did either, though several have tried and have cackled as loudly over it as did the rooster when he thought he had laid an egg. Only the other day I was shown a water-proof cloak—a most wonderful thing. It could be made to serve as a water-proof cloak, as a polonaise, as a wrapper, and half a dozen other things, too numerous to mention. The result was, as might have been expected, the thing was a magnificent failure. It wasn't a good water-proof, it was a most detestable bunched-up, clumsy polonaise, and the greatest slouch of a wrapper ever lovely woman stooped to wear. I always fight shy of those shops where they advertise a chair that can, by touching certain springs and a little manipulating, be made to form eight or ten different articles of furniture, but even that is hardly as bad as attempting to make one garment do duty for half a dozen.

There is one thing the feminine world may put down as inevitable, and that is, that we are to lose our trimming. I know, the cry has resounded through the land semi-yearly for a long time, and all the while ruffles have grown more numerous, and puffs and flounces more plentiful. But for all that, this multifarious trimming has never given complete satisfaction, and a thousand pleas have been urged why it should be abandoned. Some said it was a sin to put such an amount of work on a dress, others that it was not Christian-like to spend such sums of money for material and making when the heathen at home and in China didn't know that it was wrong to cheat at cards, while others still more practical declared that ruffles mussed so easily that there was no comfort in having them, and besides they were always ripping off and raising the mischief, and getting full of dust. A few there have been all the time that thought them "too lovely for anything," and those few, with the undecided many, have managed to keep the fashion afloat. But now, with the dim recollection of last summer's heat coming back to them all along with their burdensome ruffles, there is great dissatisfaction, and ominous head-shakings among the leaders indicate danger of a sudden revolution, and it is a foregone conclusion that if garniture of every description is not entirely abandoned, it will at least be so modified as to be scarcely noticeable.

In colors, those with sensational names will of course be most popular. "*Elephant*," "*London Smoke*," "*Paris in Ashes*," "*Daybreak on the Rhine*," and "*Dead Leaves*" are all familiar to us now, but a new color will be introduced we are credibly informed, that shall be known to the inhabitants round about, and to all the fashionable world, as the "*Darwinian Theory*." I have not seen it yet, and have not had courage to inquire for it, and consequently cannot tell you what it is like, but it is quite possible that before you read this every lady on the promenade may be sporting a "*Darwinian Theory*" of the most pronounced type.

The little ties of white muslin and Valenciennes lace now so popular among young ladies, are likely to continue in vogue during the summer. They are rather pretty and have a cool, airy appearance; besides this they are quite inexpensive, and I think for all these virtues I could wax quite enthusiastic over them, if I could disassociate them from the clerical neck gear of the priest who officiated at the funeral of poor Cock Robin. But I can't and never could. Whenever the fashion returns to us, and return it does every five or six years, and has been doing so ever since eighteen hundred and twelve—or, in other words ever since I can remember, the pet story of my childhood, over which I shed bitter unavailing tears, comes back to me, and looking at the hand of muslin, I involuntarily murmur "Poor Cock Robin!"

There are half-a-dozen other little new ideas that I might mention, but I am a little afraid of running short on my next letter and think probably I had better save them over to next week. I can't help mentioning though that the "initial" fever has broken out on the hand, and that to be thoroughly stylish you must have your initial neatly stitched in white silk upon the back of your glove. Manufacturers as a consequence have to go through the alphabet in every size, and when one thinks about it, it seems such an immense task that we are quite reconciled to paying twenty-five cents extra for the gloves, all on account of the letter.

The monogram epidemic is rapidly disappearing. It was quite popular while it was confined to articles of wearing apparel, but when nothing, from a prayer-book up to an eight-story warehouse, was quite finished until the monogram was added, they were dubbed "common," and abandoned at once. OLIVE KING.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Our Children.

TOUGHENING AND CODDLING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a great deal written at the present time about toughening our children; teaching them to go out in all weathers; and giving them cold-water baths daily; and so on to the end of the catalogue against the sins of *coddling*, etc.

Now we all of us know of children who have been toughened into their graves, by these processes; which will surely kill off all those of a weak constitution. Once in a while, we meet with very strong children who can run out in all weathers, and be dipped into cold water every morning, and it will only add to their strength and vigor. Yet they are not in the majority, for statistics prove that many more children of a weak stamina are born into this world; and it seems to us, downright murder to attempt to toughen them, by any of the processes which produce so good an effect upon a young Hercules.

My friend, Mrs. Albright, pays me a morning visit; my little boy is playing with his Noah's ark at my feet; and she exclaims—

"What a baby you do make of that child! There's my Sam's been sliding down hill for an hour or more. To be sure it is cold—nearly down to zero—but what of that! It would do your boy a world of good to run out, and breathe this fresh, crisp morning air."

I reply that my child is of too delicate a contitution to endure the treatment which makes her boy so rugged and tough.

"Yes, yes, so you always say; but it is nothing but your *coddling* that makes him so. Put on his coat, cap and mittens, and let him run out and slide and skate, and learn to be a man like my Sam."

Now I do not believe in keeping children in close, heated rooms, and not giving them fresh air, as often as it is pure and invigorating: and neither do I believe in toughening them by sending them out of the house in all weathers, merely to have them out of the way. I consider such toughening a compound of cruelty and neglect: and I have seen Sam Albright come into his mother's house, fairly crying with the cold, his little fingers and toes nearly frozen—and his whole frame chilled with the bitter air.

And if the body becomes chilled, some harm is apt to be received by the internal organs, which, however, may not be perceptible just at that time; and yet a succession of such chills will surely make a decided drain upon the vitality of the system, and in time break it down; so that when summer comes the child may fall a victim to the various diseases incidental at that season; and the mother can never trace back the effect to the cause, which commenced in the chilly, wintry days of January and February—but was only developed in July and August.

Mrs. Albright has lost a little girl and boy of "summer-complaint," but no amount of reasoning could possibly convince her that she sowed the seeds of that disease months before. To be tough is to be "strong and able to endure; and no one doubts that we can train our children, by degrees, to endure hardships, toil and privations; but if we attempt this discipline when they are in tender years, we may toughen them beyond their ability to endure, break down their constitutions, and soon they will fill an early grave. Then we call it "*a visitation of Providence.*" And perhaps are able to say resignedly:—

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." When in reality, the death of that child was but the result of our own mismanagement and ignorance.

We believe in a merciful Father—an Almighty Lord, who watches over us all; and that "*even the very hairs of our heads are numbered!*" But we do not know that if we transgress against the laws of our physical being, and that of our children, we must pay the penalty, even unto death; and in such cases we have no right to say:—

"It is the Lord! let him do unto us what seemeth to Him good."

We hear a great deal about the "iron constitutions" of our great, great grandfathers and mothers—of the wonderful amount of work they accomplished in making for themselves a home in a new country; of felling the forest; building up towns and villages, etc.: and we believe that they destroyed their "iron constitutions" and entailed upon us the various diseases with which we suffer so much.

We hear of our grandfathers and grandmothers—of their constant application to their work of their great farms and establishments; and how they rose up by four o'clock in the morning, and worked, at least, sixteen hours out of the twenty-four; and died of a good old age.

We also read that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children of the third and fourth generation, and I feel that my children are now suffering from the overwork of their grandparents, and so I must watch them carefully; protect them from an undue amount of cold; clothe them with thick flannel underclothing, and provide warm night-gowns for them, and well-aired chambers in which to sleep; and put them to bed early; and *coddle* them, so that in the years that are coming they may be able to fight a good fight with disease and death, sin and dissipation, and come off conquerors and to conquer.

I believe that if I take kind, watchful care of my children in their youth, that in my age they will be ready to return the same with interest; and I know that my pale, puny little boy will grow up like his eldest brother into a tall, broad-shouldered, stalwart man, ready to do good work in the world; and I hope will be fitted for the life to come.

And yet if I had tried to toughen him when a child, I should have had only a remembrance of him now, and a grave to visit in God's garden upon the hill-top.

I would teach my children to wait upon themselves and me, to take great pleasure in performing little acts of kindness.

I would encourage them to bear pain without screaming and making a great to-do about it. I would give them tool-chests, work-boxes, etc., and take an interest in teaching them how to use them.

I would teach them to be brave in all things, to love both God and man, and in whatever they undertook, to do it thoroughly and well.

I would make them truthful, and expect them to do whatever they have promised to do; and not because they have tired of it, think that they can give it up; but keep their word in all things. But, mothers, let me beg of you to *coddle* the little ones; to be tender, kind, thoughtful, and patient with them in all things. Watch closely that their feet and hands are warm, their clothing dry and thick, and their little bodies perfectly comfortable.

One can do all this without being fussy—and there is an old proverb which runs thus:—"*An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.*" You will learn the truth of it in the wet, sloppy days of the spring-time, if you keep your child pleasantly amused in-doors when the air is filled with the melting particles of snow and damp, which if they are inhaled upon his lungs may produce inflammatory diseases, such as colds, croup, lung fever, and the like.

One may be overcareful, it is true; but this is far better than being forced to reproach one's self with letting the children expose themselves and contract the various illnesses which they are heirs to by one's neglect. DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

WINTER'S JOYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EDITH BOUTILER.

On a night of the frozen December,
When pavements are one vast slide,
And the moon peeping down on you slyly,
What rapturous pleasure to ride
With one out of all the world chosen
In a cosey compact coupé,
With music and dance in prospective,
And something important to say.

Oh! fun of all fun the most funny!
In parlors ablaze with light,
To gaze on each swallow-tailed sonny,
Each maiden in billows of white;
To catch the soft tremulous whisper,
To follow the innocent pair,
Who scorning the world's giddy vortex,
Seek solitude's charms on the stair.

Oh! joy at once soft and inflicting,
To move on a melody's tide
In the passionate trance of the Boston,
Or the dreamy delight of the Glide.
Slow polka, and tiresome galop,
Dull waltz your dominion is o'er—
The Glide and the Boston forever!
All others are voted a bore.

Oh! dance of all dances supremest!
Oh! dance ending all too soon.
Oh! music of all other music
Most perfect in time and in tune!
I know of no bliss so ecstatic
As to float to a measure of Strauss
In the Boston—sublime! bentific!
Through the lighted saloon of a house.

MY PETS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

All pets are dear to their owners, and we are apt to think our own the best and smartest; and if all was written down, how many wonderful tales we should have.

I never fancied canary birds; but thought them stupid little prisoners, as I had always seen them confined in cages. It chanced, once upon a time, that I did some small favor for the sister of an Italian priest who resided in our village.

The brother and sister were very grateful, and when they were leaving the West to return to the East, the good priest presented me with a pet canary, a good singer, and one both he and his sister valued very much. So for the first time in my life I was the owner of a canary bird. The old priest had tried to tell me the bird's name, but his English was very broken, and hard to make out, so I called it "Italy," in remembrance of the giver. It was a very pure canary of a rich golden color, perfect in form, and very sprightly.

For weeks after I owned him he did not sing a note. I would go to his cage, lay my face against it, and say softly, "Italy, Italy," and he would hop down from his perch, turn his little head from side to side, but utter no sound. One day I went out, and did not return until after dark. I went right to the cage and said, "Italy, Italy," he peeped at me a moment, then tucked his head under his wing, and repeated, in the softest, sweetest tones, "Italy, Italy!" and then seemed to sleep. I was of course surprised and delighted. I did not yet feel quite certain that my pet had said that word, my ears might have deceived me. But the next night, just after he had placed his pretty head under his wing, I again repeated his name, and without lifting his head, he murmured "Italy, Italy."

After this I could always get him to say it if I spoke to him just as he was going to sleep, and he always said it twice just as I had been in the habit of doing.

I now took a great interest in my bird, opened his cage every morning, and let him play about the room at his pleasure.

I owned a pet cat at this time, and she was usually in the room with us. At first Tiger seemed a little inclined to molest Italy, but I switched her sharply if she went near to him, and at length I had full faith that Tiger was well trained and my bird in no danger from her. Alas! Alas! "Put not your faith in cats." Many a time have I left them in the room together, the bird sometimes sitting upon the back of the very chair where puss was sleeping. My neighbors often wondered how I dared to trust them alone, and said they had never seen anything like it. I soon gave Italy more and more liberty, letting him out of doors at first on my finger, holding his little toes fast. Then I would place him on a rose or lilac bush, and stand near by to watch him. He did not seem to wish to go far from me. One day I had left him loose in my room while I went to church. During my absence some one must have opened the door, for on my return he was not there. Soon a little girl from a neighbor's house came in to tell me that my bird was "at her house." He had evidently gone in search of me and entered the first open window he came to where a lady was sitting near, and alighted on her head. He did not try to fly out again, but let her handle him as I did. After this he frequently flew into neighboring houses, and made himself quite at home until I sent for him.

Everybody knew my Italy, and little children would often meet me in the street and say, "Your Italy was at our house yesterday," etc.

He would sometimes fly so high that I could not see him; then I would go out, and holding up a finger call "Italy, Italy," and soon he would come circling down lower and lower, until he lit upon the uplifted finger, and thus settle himself and begin to dress his plumage, and put his ruffled feathers in trim.

Of course we all thought him a most wonderful bird. I quite laughed at those friends of mine who kept their canaries shut up in cages, and begged them to give the poor little things more liberty. Tiger quite ignored his presence, never noticing the bird in any way, even if it alighted close to her paws when she was playing with a ball of yarn. And Italy cared no more for Tiger than for any piece of furniture in the room. My bird delighted in noise, whether it was music, or a racket, or shouting, and always sang the louder the more noise there was in or about the house. He would sometimes repeat his name during the day, but not often. It was mostly at night, about the time he was going to sleep, that he said so softly, yet so plainly, "Italy, Italy!" I was very fond of him, indeed we all were, and Tiger had her full share of petting for her good behavior toward the harmless little creature, that we knew would be such a savory morsel for pussy's palate, did she choose to take it.

One Sunday morning I had let Italy out for exercise as usual, and, just before starting for church, I went out to call him. Tiger followed me, and sat on the porch where I stood with my finger extended, calling "Italy, Italy!" Soon my pretty pet came in sight, circling down lower and lower, as I called his sweet name.

When, just as he was about to rest upon my finger, the treacherous cat—yes, "Tiger the perfect," sprang over my shoulder, seized my poor bird with her claws, took it in her mouth and disappeared beneath the porch!

There was consternation and confusion!

That was my first and last canary, and I only owned him two years. But I think he was worth this little notice. I have read of other canaries that could speak a few words, but Italy is the only one I ever heard speak with my own ears.

As to Tiger, she did not live many hours after her innocent victim. AUNT ALICE.

LOVE'S EYES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CAROL.

To quote the common saying, "Love is blind;" but if his vision be not preternaturally sharpened, his far-seeing powers little short of miraculous then the testimony of more observant mortals is at fault. Small short-comings, faults insignificant in themselves, which the eye of friendship, however clear and steadfast, fails utterly to discern, are instantly and plainly revealed to love's keen sight. Strange to say the knowledge thus gained rarely proves disenchanting. But to call love blind! From whose lips first came the assertion—now attained to the dignity of a proverb—as foolish as it is daring? Love, the ever-patient, ever-faithful, who never sleeps, never wearies! Love, who turns with tenderest hand the blotted pages of the heart's full book, deciphering perfectly the blurred characters invisible to all the world besides—and who, pondering wisely over the mystic lore, stoops never to reveal it! A still, wise tongue hath love also. No word betraying knowledge of the many secrets in his keeping is ever heard—no whisper of tiny flaws in the precious marble, or hidden blight within the rose so royal—no tone, no look to make wiser the babbling world—therefore, perhaps, it calls love blind! Wiser than the world—and larger-hearted because wiser—not one frail human fault or folly, nor a score of them, gives pretext for a parting. Between the world and the idol would love cast a veil, that none might see truly save himself!

AMERICAN "SOCIETY."

Of course that there is plenty of society in America none would be foolish enough to deny. The girl who grows up "goes out," as a matter of course; the man who reaches the age of sixteen is very likely to go to dancing classes, and two years later to balls. But there is no social code, except such as is imported from Europe, and when you say "imported from Europe," you don't mean from any one country, but some customs from England, some from France, some from Germany, some new, some old, some bad, some good, some destined to survive, some to perish. It is in fact with social ideas in this country as it is with everything else, intellectual, moral, and physical—except such manufactured products as we think it necessary to exclude by a tariff—everything and everybody is allowed to come and maintain himself, or herself, or itself, if enough can be found to live on. All ideas, principles, thoughts, feelings, processes and traditions that have ever made their appearance in the world find in the United States a common field in which the struggle for existence results in the survival of the fittest. Nothing is settled, nothing is fixed. There are no decisions which are final. There are no laws or code of the levitical kind. A general sense of social obligation of course exists. It would be impossible for a gentleman who wished to cut a figure in the society of Philadelphia, New York or Boston, to make a habit of "drawing a bead" on his hostess whenever anything went wrong in the cotillion, or of picking the pockets of his fellow guests; it would be out of the question for a waiter to sit down to table with the company, or for the ladies at a formal dinner-party to remain with the gentlemen after the hostess had gone into the parlor. Within these rather broad limits however, there is such an amount of freedom as to render it an impossibility to say where the true lines are. It is absurd in such a society as ours to talk of what is allowed, what is permitted, what is *de rigueur*, and what is not. The idea of the necessity of social ordinances, and the machinery for their application is derived from a familiarity with fixed states of society, in which for generations the means of social amusement have been concentrated in the same or nearly the same hands. But we have adopted change as the basis of existence, in this as in any other branches of life. From another point of view the matter is still clearer. When a girl "comes out" with us, or a man begins to go out, the amusement to which they are chiefly confined is dancing, and it is the dancing together of girls and boys between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two which really constitutes what foreigners hear of, when they get their information about "American Society."

After that they in almost all cases marry and settle down to work, in the case of the girls who remain unmarried, retire from the field, reconcile themselves to a single life, or take, in the case of a few of the bolder ones, to some occupation. But meantime a new generation has entered the field. New freshmen and freshmen's sisters are dancing the German together; the older set has disappeared. There are a few, a very few of both sexes who wearily keep it up for a few years longer with much tribulation and difficulty. But they are few, and are beginning to have gloomy thoughts about the vanity of earthly affairs. They, too, will soon marry or retire. With this kaleidoscopic movement going on, social existence cannot produce a "Society."—*Galaxy*.

What Love is to a Woman.

What a wonderful thing love is to a woman! How it helps her to know that some one is always fond of her; that rejoices when she rejoices, and sorrows when she grieves; to be sure that her faults are loved, and that her face is fairer, to one, at least, than faces that are far more beautiful—that one great heart holds her sacred in its innermost recesses above all women. She can do anything, be anything, suffer anything, thus upheld. She grows prettier under the sweet influence, brighter, kinder, stronger; and life seems but a foretaste of heaven; and all of her dreams are gold.

☞ A Louisville paper has felt called upon to correct an error of the types. It says: "For one of the worst of men, read one of the wisest."

AT HER WINDOW.

Beating heart! we come again
Where my love reposes:
This is Mabel's window-pane;
These are Mabels roses.

Is she seated? Does she kneel
In the twilight stilly,
Lily clad from throat to heel,
She, my virgin lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
Wading, will forsake her;
Elves of light, on beamy bars,
Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead
At her flowery grating.
If she hear me will she need?
Mabel, I am waiting!

Hark, yon raptured carol proves
Love no empty fable;
Hush, sweet bird, her lattice moves—
Mabel, dearest Mabel!

FREDERICK LOCKER.

MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD."

CHAPTER XIII.

SUSPICIONS.

The emigrants were harangued by the "young master" with all the effect that he had anticipated; exhausted with their long imprisonment, and delighted to find the green turf once more under their feet, they were unwilling to resume their voyage even for the few days that now remained of it; not only his people, but a considerable minority of the other passengers elected to remain where they were, under Kavanagh's authority. The captain also, as he had predicted, seemed by no means indisposed to second their wishes; and, accordingly, the seeds and implements, the tents and dwelling-houses, intended for Australia, were disembarked, along with sufficient provisions to last the islanders for two months to come, long before which Robert might be expected back with stores of all sorts. Before an hour had passed, the island with its little hill had become like an ant's nest in the spectacle it presented of activity and business, and by nightfall it wore already the appearance of an infant colony. It was clear, warm weather, and most of the tenants of the steerage preferred to occupy their improvised residences on land, and even to camp out on the turf, rather than to remain in their close berths.

When all had been got out of the vessel that could well be spared, including even a couple of her boats, the pinnace and the gig (which had to be paid for very handsomely,) and after four days of hard labor, wherein Robert Chesney was pronounced by the ship's carpenter to be the only man of the new colony who understood how to use his hands, the Star with her much diminished freight set sail for Melbourne. Robert had general instructions as to the articles he was to procure there, as well as ample funds for that purpose, but a great latitude was necessarily left to his own judgment. He had no person to whom to apply to assist his inexperience, except the captain, and, much to his surprise, that gentleman showed a strong disinclination to have anything to do with the matter. He had been very kind to Robert during the early portion of the voyage out; not only lending him books, as has been said, but taking some pains to teach him to box the compass, and even a little seamanship; but of late, his distrust and dislike of Maguire and his associates had seemed to extend in a less degree to Robert himself. Still it did seem strange that he did refuse even such scant courtesy as a little good advice. However, so it was. "I have done Mr. Kavanagh's bidding," said he, "in helping him and his friends out of my ship, and I did it very gladly; but they and I have shaken hands, and I shouldn't fret if we never came across one another any more. No, sir; I should be very glad to do you a personal service, but I'll neither meddle nor make with their affairs; and since you are a friend of his, and his right-hand man, you had better not inquire what has made me come to that conclusion."

Robert was loyal to his patron, and felt the affront as though it had been put upon himself. His own explanation of the captain's ire was first, that he had never forgiven the fugitive for having come on board the Star under false pretences, notwithstanding that two saloon fares had been paid for instead of one; and secondly, that Kavanagh's influence had not been exerted to the extent it might have been in quelling that disorder among his followers, which had, without doubt, at one time caused him (the captain) considerable anxiety. Robert was not inclined, however, to inquire if this was so, but kept much to the cabin, which Kavanagh had transferred to him, during the brief voyage, and employed himself in composing a long budget to Lizzy, wherein he told her of all that had of late so strangely happened, and painted the new prospect of their future in the brightest colors. He greatly pressed the immediate emigration of the whole family by the next steamer, and inclosed—thanks to his patron's generosity—such a sum as would easily pay their passage to *Murphy's Island* by either of the two routes suggested.

He was so fortunate as to arrive in Melbourne on the very day on which the English mail started, and his letter went off by it accordingly. To know that the missive that was to bring his Lizzy to his arms was already on its way, and that every day would speed it, was an inexpressible comfort to him, while the duties that pressed upon his attention prevented the time of sweet expectancy from lagging. Moreover, the discovery of *Murphy's Island*—it was in 40 degrees 21 minutes south latitude, 123 degrees 4 minutes east longitude—excited not a little interest, which naturally concentrated itself upon the person intrusted with the victualling of the new colony; so that curiosity and self-interest together procured him more than enough of society. Working, in short, as diligently as he could, and sparing no expense to insure expedition, it was nevertheless fully six weeks before he found himself in possession of all that he had been commissioned to procure, and got it embarked on board the sloop which he had hired for that purpose. It was a ship that had already an interest for him, for he had been informed, on application at the office of the mail steamer, that passengers from England could not be taken to the island direct, and this very sloop would probably bring his Lizzy out from Melbourne, as it was now conveying himself. Its crew consisted of some half-a-dozen men beside the skipper, and one of them, as it happened, had belonged to the Star of Erin, which had sailed for England while he had been delayed (or so his story ran) by illness up the country. With this man Robert was naturally more familiar than with the rest; and on the day they started for their destination, and during some conversation about the stores, the former observed: "Well, whatever we shall find them short of when we reach the island, it won't be liquor."

The sailor's tone was so significant, that Robert was tempted to question him; when he learned that the Star had been laden with an unusual quantity of spirits, and that almost all of it had been purchased by Kavanagh for the use of the colony.

"But it seems only right," observed Chesney, "since the ship could be re-supplied at Melbourne, that as much as possible should have been left in store on the island."

"No doubt, sir," answered the man, grinning, "if so be as it *has* been left in store, though, from what I have seen of our late shipmates, they are not the ones to let good liquor spoil in the cellar."

This reply would not have caused Robert uneasiness, but that it had seemed to him that the amount of spirits which he had been commissioned to purchase, and which he was now bringing with him, was very large; while, if it was really true that the store was already sufficient for the colonists in that respect, it would be immensely in excess of their needs.

"Well, well," returned he, with an air of somewhat assumed indifference, "the cellar key will of course be taken care of, and the liquor only given out under proper restrictions."

"By the master, sir, or the butler?" inquired the other, with a most significant action of the left eyelid.

"What the deuce do you mean, man?" asked Robert, angrily.

"Well, sir, I mean no offence," returned the other, apologetically. "Only, that's what we—I mean we of the crew—used to call Mr. Kavanagh and his man: 'master and butler;' because they were such Lushingtons. I've known three bottles of whisky go into Mr. Kavanagh's cabin of a morning, and come out empty before night. I daresay Murphy helped him, and Maguire too, for that matter; but to have D. T. for the second time during one voyage—well, that's going it a leetle too fast. Of course I thought you had known, sir, or I would not have mentioned it."

Robert was not so simple but that he had heard of *delirium tremens*, but until that moment he had been totally unaware that he had himself been a witness to a sufferer from that complaint. This, then, was the explanation of Kavanagh's cries for "Help!" the spectre-haunted gestures, and also of the disinclination of Murphy to admit him on such occasions to his master's cabin. A shadow seemed to fall upon his heart with the revelation; for how unstable, he reflected, must those fortunes be that but a while ago had looked so fair, which rested on the caprice of an habitual drunkard! The vague but solemn warning of "Miss Mary," the foreboding farewell of Mistress Mulvaney, recurred to him now with novel force, and found at least their partial interpretations. One thing, however, was certain—he had thrown in his lot with Kavanagh; and it was far too late—and indeed for the present, impossible—to dissociate their fortunes.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT KAVANAGH HAD DONE.

On the fifth day the sloop made the island; and its arrival was welcomed in the little harbor with evident satisfaction, yet, as it seemed to Robert, without the enthusiasm that might have been expected. There was an air of constraint about these usually frank and light-hearted people, which, under the circumstances, was quite unaccountable. Robert's first act would have been to go to Government House—as the only wooden erection of which the harbor boasted was facetiously termed, and from whose roof floated a huge green flag—to report himself to Kavanagh. "The Governor," however, he was informed, was not within; he had, it seemed started with Murphy a few hours ago for another spot in his dominions upon the other side of the hill, and there was nothing for it but to proceed with the disembarkation of the stores. The live-stock, which included sheep, goats, pigs, poultry, and even a few cows, excited such admiration as no golden medallist of a metropolitan cattle-show ever extorted; for these poor folk had been living on salt junk for the last three months, and milk had been an unknown commodity even to the little children. It was no little disappointment to Robert, who was secretly conscious of having acquitted himself well as purveyor to the little commonwealth, that Mr. Kavanagh was not present during these proceedings; and when they were concluded, and such things as might suffer damage from exposure placed safely under cover, he was naturally impatient to see his patron, to whom Maguire offered to conduct him. The colony had been divided, it semed, into two parts, in consequence of a "faction fight" that had already taken place between his "Tipperary boys" and the other members of the community; and the latter were located on the south side of the island in a settlement of their own, to which "the governor" was now paying a visit, just as in disturbed districts "a royal progress" is sometimes made for the purpose of conciliation. On the way, Robert noticed with pleasure that some attempts at cultivation had been made, and not without success, for, though the agricultural knowledge of the community was for the most part confined to planting potatoes, or the sowing of mustard and cress, the soil was so fertile that you had but to "tickle it with a hoe and it straightway laughed with a harvest." In a few years it was plain that, with very moderate industry, *Murphy's Island* might be changed from a comparative desert to a spot not only self-supporting, but teeming with plenty. They were not long before they came in sight of New Town, as it was called, a little cluster of tents with one wooden house, from the roof of which a green flag was flying, similar to that which adorned the harbor.

"That is the sign of your vice-sovereignty," observed Maguire, in answer to Robert's inquiry. "I ought to have told you that it has been arranged that you are to live here. The New Town folks, you see, will have no objection to *you*, since you are not connected with our Tipperary lot; while on the other hand, it would never have done to leave them without some representative of authority."

There was a cynicism in Maguire's tone which would not have escaped his companion, had his thoughts not been otherwise occupied; the news he had just heard was displeasing to him for a reason, which, however, he would have been ashamed to mention. He had pictured himself, as the time drew near for his Lizzy's arrival, rising every morning and sweeping the sea with his glass, to catch the first glimpse of the ship that was to bring her, and from New Town no such view could be obtained, since the hill in the centre of the island obstructed it.

"It is immaterial where I live," observed Robert, "and, as you say, these good folks owe me no ill-will; but I hope Mr. Kavanagh has come to no harm by venturing hither; it is but an hour's walk from the harbor, and I can't understand what has detained him."

"Oh, the Governor is safe enough," answered Maguire carelessly; "it is quite likely he has gone back the other way, which is a good long round."

"Then he must be in much better health than when I left him!" exclaimed Robert.

Maguire returned no answer.

They had come in sight of a knot of men lounging and leaning in the sunshine, at the entrance of the village, looking certainly idle enough, but not so happy as idleness was wont to make them. Perhaps they had been to blame in the late disturbance, and regretted the part they had taken in it; but, at all events, Robert observed the same subdued air, though in a somewhat mitigated degree, that he had noticed in the people at the harbor. At the sight of Chesney, they rose and ran to meet him. From the southerly position of their settlement, they had been unable, as he had foreseen, to perceive the approach of the sloop, and its arrival was unknown to them.

Having answered their questions, Robert inquired, in his turn, whether "the Governor," as Kavanagh was gravely termed, was in the village.

"No, indeed," said they; "why, he has been ill for weeks."

Robert turned to Maguire in blank astonishment.

"That's so," said the latter coolly; "I'll tell you all about it when we get within doors."

The wooden house which had been set apart for Robert's residence was the only one in New Town to which that phrase "within doors" could have been applied; and since such of the people as had not at once started for the harbor on the news of the sloop's arrival were now crowding about him and his companion, they hastened to take advantage of the privacy it afforded. It was but a two-roomed cabin, yet it was very neatly and even comfortably furnished in sea-fashion, thanks to Kavanagh's long purse, and the acquiescence of the captain of the Star; but, for the moment, Robert was far too indignant to observe this evidence of his patron's kindness, and could think only of the deception that had been practised on himself.

"And, now we are alone, Mr. Maguire," exclaimed he impatiently, "be so good as to explain to me for what reason I have thus been made a fool of; or is it for the mere pleasure that you may chance to take in telling a lie?"

"Sit down, my good sir," said Maguire quietly, himself taking a chair, "For to tell you all will be a long story. I have told you a lie, no doubt; but that is because, from the experience I have had of you, I did not think you strong enough to bear the truth. I have sounded you during our late voyage together a dozen times, and though you have doubtless done credit to your teaching (against which I have nothing to say, except that it doesn't suit my views), the result has been in every case disappointment. You have no ambition; you have no sense of independence; and you can only think in a groove. Yes, lad; you have sense and spirit, and had you shown a disposition to back me, in a matter to which there is now no need to allude, we might all, instead of ending our days on this beggarly island, have had all this side of the world to choose from, and a good ship of our own to take us whither we would."

"You rascal, I believe you would have had us all turn pirates!" exclaimed Robert, striking the table with his hand.

"Perhaps," answered Maguire coolly. "But wishes unfulfilled are not crimes, I believe, at least in this life, though some good folks have affixed a penalty to them in the next. You are, I see, recalling to your mind the delicate hints that I used to drop upon this subject; my endeavors to make myself agreeable to the poor fools below-stairs; the disfavor with which the gallant captain of late regarded me; and other little matters. But let us not waste time either on regrets or self-congratulations. The point is, that here we are, and we are not pirates."

"Nay," answered Robert firmly, "the point is rather, that however you might have succeeded in imposing upon your own poor ignorant people, you would not have gained a man with a head on his shoulders, or a heart in his breast, to join in so mad and atrocious a scheme. Not one of them, in the first place, would have moved a finger without their master's bidding; and you will never persuade me that a gentleman like Mr. Kavanagh, however imprudent and misguided, would have consented to become a thief and a murderer—"

"One moment," interposed Maguire laying his finger on Robert's arm: "by a most singular and unusual accident to have occurred during a flight of virtuous eloquence, you have chanced to hit the nail on the head with your sledge-hammer. What would you say if I was to let you know that *Mr. Kavanagh is a murderer already?*"

"I should say that you are a liar, and in point of fact I *do* say it," answered Robert hotly.

"Very good; that shows your spirit. There have indeed been days—and not so long ago—when I would have shot a man dead for saying less; but let that pass. I want to come to an understanding with you, my lad, and not to quarrel; and besides, it is your very pluck that makes me wish, I don't say for your friendship, lest it should offend you, but your alliance. I must still request you to listen to me, even though you may disbelieve my assertions; but the proofs of what I say shall be forthcoming before you leave this room. Mr. Frank Kavanagh had, as you know, a younger brother Lewis; they were born of the same mother, but under circumstances that made the younger the heir, and the elder penniless. Mr. Kavanagh, senior, did not marry his wife until after Frank's birth, whereby the boy was rendered illegitimate, though only a few persons were aware of the fact either at that time or afterward. The old man liked Frank best, as indeed did everybody; though wild and impulsive, he was generous and warm-hearted; and even the political scrapes he got into (which were very serious) seemed, in his father's eyes, who sympathized with their objects, but the result of youthful enthusiasm. To the tenants of the estate they endeared him; and even from Lewis they never received any direct discouragement (although he held aloof from them) until after the old man's death. It was not till long after Frank had grown up that his father revealed to him the fact of his illegitimacy, and I daresay the revelation did not help to sober him, or to heal the disagreements which already existed between his better-fortuned brother and himself. Of these latter, however, the old man was not very cognizant, or, at all events, attached to them less importance than they deserved. However his sons might differ in politics, he thought they would be loyal to one another; and especially that Lewis, who was always full of professions of duty and principle, would take care to see his wishes carried out with respect to Frank after his own death, just as if they had the force of law. He could indeed have left his elder son provided for in his will, but not without the exposure of the shame of his dead mother; so, in the presence of both his sons, and with Frank's full consent, he stated how he desired them to share his property. His English estate of Falston, which was much larger than that he possessed in Ireland, he gave to Lewis, who disliked the latter country, to which, on the other hand, his brother was devoted. To make up for this unequal distribution, and also because he foresaw that Frank's revolutionary tendencies might one day cause him to need ready money wherewith to make himself a home in the New World, he left him a large sum (which he always kept by him in notes at Falston, for the very purpose to which it was afterward applied), as well as the estate in Tipperary. Lewis promised solemnly that this arrangement should hold good after his father's death, just as if it had been so devised by will; and so the brothers parted company, never, I believe, to meet again but *once*. Frank to recommence his desultory existence, made up of attempts at art, attempts at politics—assisted in the latter by the devo[illegible] of such poor tools as you see here. Frank Kavanagh was honest; his people were faithful, but they could not discover the way to the moon. Moreover, there were some people who objected even to the experiment being tried. His plots, harmless to the government, against which they were directed, were dangerous to himself; he had to use disguises, aliases, and houses that had back-doors to them; while Lewis lived with his father at Falston Hall, a model son, with an eye to the county magistracy. When the old man died, Frank was in hiding, and, as Lewis pretended, could not, therefore, be communicated with; but, at all events, the first hint he received of the fact was from the stoppage of his own allowance, followed by the information that his brother had taken possession of the whole paternal estate, as he had undoubtedly a legal right to do. On the same evening, Frank Kavanagh, with Murphy, rode down from town to Falston Hall. What happened there, I can pretty well guess; but if you like to see the account of it as written by the penny-a-liners, here it is." Maguire drew a newspaper from his breast-pocket, and threw it across the table. "*The murder at Falston Hall* is what they call it, you see."

"I see," gasped Robert, looking from that ghastly heading to the date of the newspaper, which was the same as that on which he had visited Herne street. Oh, why, when Denton had offered it to him *then*, had he declined to read it?

"How you could be ignorant of what had taken place," continued Maguire, "was always a marvel to me; for if you had missed the papers, yet being in town, how could you have helped reading *this*, which was on every blank wall in London?"

From the same pocket he took out a handbill, and spread it out upon the table:

£200 *REWARD.—The above reward will be paid for the apprehension of Frank Kavanagh, charged with the Wilful Murder of his brother, Lewis Kavanagh, of Falston Hall, Esquire.*

It was the same notice which had been pasted opposite to Robert's window at Mulvaney's, but of which he had only read the first two words when it was torn down by Murphy. Now the whole truth flashed upon him: the broadsheet seller of the previous night had proclaimed the full particulars, though the widow and he in the smoke-room had caught them but indistinctly: he had missed the name, and had taken for *suicide* what without doubt had been *fratricide*. Murphy had prevented his going out to buy the broadsheet, and had invented an excuse for not obtaining it himself, in order to conceal the terrible truth. With Robert, who had had the encounter with the patrol in his mind, and had no suspicion of any other catastrophe, he had succeeded, even after the former had seen the hand-bill, since he set that down to the same account; but the widow he had been unable to deceive, and hence their quarrel respecting Kavanagh. She had been blind to his failings, tender to his faults, but she could not, like his faithful henchman, excuse his crimes. "I don't wish to see him, Murphy," she had said, when he had spoken of the young master's wishing her farewell, "either here or elsewhere, but least of all under my own roof." And the reason was now only too evident; she had shrunk from taking his blood-stained hand in hers. From the moment she knew that he had taken his brother's life, all regard for him had died out in her; or only just so much remained as prevented her from proclaiming his crime. To Robert she had maintained an icy silence, the coldness of which had not escaped his notice, though he had never guessed its cause.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOLA, AN IDYL.

The house was one of the nest-like sort, low-roofed, thatched, with latticed windows buried in greenery, with a dove-cote on the gable, and rustic porch and veranda. It stood in a forest country, and, with its garden, orchard, and scraps of velvety pasturage, was surrounded on many sides by trees climbing on heights, trees dipping and curtseying in hollows, trees wading into the river where the red-sided cattle loved to drink, trees lying in soft heaps against the silver-grays of cloudland with a mysterious blue mist behind their boles.

The morning glitter was on everything as the master of the house, going out with his dog, stopped and spoke over the low garden wall to his wife, who, with hands in her apron-pockets, was standing gazing attentively at her bee-hives.

"Let Fan have the satin for this time, but she must try to do with less. Our living is too expensive."

"I have just been thinking of where we can economize," replied the wife in an irritated tone. "We are too many in the house for one thing. It is time that girl Lola was earning her bread."

"Humph!" said the husband; "I think she earns it already. She saves you a nursery governess."

"I can teach the children myself," was the reply, "and their sisters must learn to help. Lola gets nothing from us but food and shelter. It would only be fair to let her go into the world."

"She's a shy thing, and is better where she is. Besides, what would become of Granny's children?"

The husband and wife had walked slowly from the bee-hives to the house, and stood under a lattice window, which lay open.

"Talking of Granny," said the husband, "how long is Gray going to stay at Roselands? He's a good deal here, isn't he?"

"He's very pleasant company."

"And our girls are attractive."

"Nonsense! How little you know of your own children! I have brought up my girls to have their feelings under prudent control. There is no mistake about his footing in this family."

"Well, I'm glad you are all so prudent, for he'd be the better of a good wife. He's a good fellow, and a clever fellow, though poor as Job."

The porch swallowed the mistress of the house, and the master went off whistling; and then a face leaned forward and looked out of the lattice window, pale, but with a sort of under glow, giving a warm charm to its dimpled softness, with darkness and depth about the eyes, and brightness about the hair which the sunshine now illuminated with a genius for love in every curve of it, and a sort of golden light wavering across the steady eyes and grave though happy mouth.

"Thank God I am not a young lady!" murmured Lola, taking her fingers out of her ears, where she had placed them all too late. "What would they think if they knew what he said to me yesterday?"

She rose up quivering at the recollection, nearly touching the slant roof with her head in her pride. The room was dark, and scarcely large enough to hold Lola and a glass of flowers and some woodcuts framed with plaited twigs on the dimly-lighted walls.

"He'd be the better of a good wife," said Lola, echoing the words that had come up to her through the ivy, "but he's poor as Job, and so the fine ladies leave him to me. I wonder what it would be like, being a good wife to a man as poor as Job. There would be a good deal of scrubbing and rubbing, I dare say; but I'm ready for it if I'm wanted. Thank Heaven I am not delicate!" feeling her firm pliant wrists with her clasping fingers. "I'd as soon cook the dinner as do worsted work any day. It's well I have no elegant tastes; making common things look pretty is the finest I have. I have rather a good appetite" (ruefully), "but then I could live on bread and milk. I can cook; I can wash; and I can make clothes. The smallest, tiniest cottage, an easy-chair and a plain one; an evening lamp, bookcase, garden, good humor, plenty of flowers—"

Lola's thoughts wandered away, and lost themselves in the delights of the home she was sketching. She shook herself out of her dream with a low laugh of undoubting happiness. "Chicks will be waiting—Granny will scold!" She adjusted her white calico dress, plucked a crimson rose that was hanging over the sash, and fixed it, with artistic fingers, in her bosom, smoothed a wilful ripple out of her shining hair, took a sun-burned straw hat from a peg on the wall, and went out of the small chamber, and out of the house.

Granny's house was handsomer than that nest-like one in which Lola lived on sufferance. Granny was not rich, but she liked to keep up a certain old-fashioned grandeur. Indeed, none of these people in this forest country considered themselves as people who were certainly poor. Granny must have trips to the city, and two horses in her carriage, and her son, who lived in the nest-house, would have been very well off only that Fan must have her satin dress, and he his hunters. Lola was the richest of them all, with her little lodging for nothing under the ivy, and her slender wages for teaching two small orphan cousins, whom Granny had taken to herself. Lola was the only one amongst them who knew how to enjoy her life.

Lola's way lay through a green lane, across fields, over the river on a rustic bridge, and then plunged into a wood, through a blue tunnel hollowed among leaves, where the path was moist and brown with dew. Then she entered Roselands, which deserved its name, and went into the house with the perfume of thousands of roses hanging about her. Granny was a wilful old lady, who loved lilac ribbons in her cap, and old china in her cabinets, and who could scold and pet little people, and sometimes big people too. She was somewhat severe upon grown-up young folks, unless they happened to get sick, when she became an angel. Arthur Gray was an invalid when she first made his acquaintance, and people said this was why she took such a fancy to him. He was a son of a distant connection of the family, dropped by chance into their lives—clever, poor, and with no friends. The ladies hearing he was scientific, had at first stood a little in awe of him, with an idea that science is uncomfortable; but Gray had been presented to Granny by the most famous scientific man in London. We do not say that Granny would not have been kind to him if she had picked him up in the gutter, yet the great man had his weight when he did choose to step into the scale of the young man's chances of finding favor among his kinsfolk.

Granny was sitting in her dainty antique drawing-room at the head of a table drawn up in a cool corner under the shade of green blinds, her work-basket before her, her children on either side with open books, and Arthur Gray at the foot of the table, pencil in hand. He was now no longer an invalid, and was supposed to be pluming his wings for some wonderful flight in the regions of scientific discovery. By the sidelong looks of awe which Granny was casting toward him over the rims of her spectacles, she evidently thought he was at this moment deep in some abstruse calculation; but he was only scribbling faces in his pocket-book. He had a broad, square brow and troubled eyes, and a mouth which betrayed a character resolute and tender. He was a man who had a great future before him—of hard toil, heartache, and fame.

Lola was late. Granny pointed to the timepiece, and the lessons began. Lola's voice was low in asking the questions, and the children's tones were shrill in giving the answers. Granny rapped with her knitting-needle on the table when things were not going so as to please her. Arthur Gray remained for the study, and his study was Lola's face. Lola's voice grew lower, and Granny's raps fell fast upon the board. Arthur Gray suddenly got up, and left the room.

He walked out on a terrace, and paced up and down. Life was at this moment a tangled skein to him. He wanted to have for his own that sweet woman in-doors who was teaching the children, yet how was he to have her without blighting his career? Marriage meant poverty, struggling, uncongenial drudgery, and Arthur had had enough of it from childhood up. Genius was stirring within him; opportunity, at this moment, lay invitingly before him. He held in his hand a letter which invited him to join a scientific expedition to the other side of the world. A few months ago such an offer would have been hailed as the realization of his sweetest dreams. But now there was Lola. Success, power, fame, all to be swept away by a woman's hand. Only this morning, as he sat scribbling at the table, he had declared to himself that the thing was monstrous, that it could not be; but Lola had walked into the room, and he had felt at once that it would be easier to walk hand in hand with her instantly into the valley of death, than to set out on any sunny path to fortune, leaving her behind.

He was nowhere to be seen when Lola and the children came out of Granny's house, and ran off toward the woods. The children from the next house met them with dinner in their bags, for this was to be an out-door holiday, while the elders of both families dined with a neighboring magnate of the land. The children were wild with glee, Lola less wild than was usual on such occasions. The children tried to light a fire to roast their chestnuts, but failed, and Lola lay in the grass, her hat tilted over her mouth and eyes, and listened to the happy humming of the insects. The children cheered suddenly, the breeze blew Lola's hat aside, and here was Arthur Gray coming to join them.

This was like one of the old primeval days when the Garden of Eden bloomed, and before sorrow came into the world. Gray made a great fire, and screened it with thick boughs, so that the sun could not put it out. The children shrieked with delight, the chestnuts hissed and spluttered, the thrushes sang, the quail away in the meadows below sent up a satisfied comment on the state of things, and the lilies flapped their golden wings wantonly down in the river. The purple distance that girdled the forest world looked as inviting as the beautiful future which young eyes see in dreams. The sunshine reddened on the boles of the trees, and on two faces that leaned toward each other often across the heads of the children. Dinner was eaten in the grass, with dock-leaves for dishes, and Arthur Gray told stories to the children about wonderful places and things which are to be found on this moving globe; showed them glittering caves in the heart of the earth, deserts with a fierce sun brooding over their blighted flats, and a flying camel carrying dark-faced men and women out of reach of a burning death; and again, regions where the stars glitter big above mountains of ice, and the white bears wander from block to block of snow in the lonely seas. The children listened with bated breath. Had Mr. Gray seen these places? Should he ever see them. No, he thought not; he should never see them now. Yet that letter from the band of explorers burned unanswered against his heart.

Twilight came, and the little forest party went home for schoolroom tea. As they walked through the tunnel of leaves the children ran on before to have the kettle boiling, and Lola and Gray walked through the purple hollow, alone together. They did not speak much, but walked close together, hand in hand, slowly, and with full hearts. Arthur thought of nothing but that Lola's hand was in his; Lola thought of nothing but that he had taken that hand, and it could help him. As they turned from the shade into the open space lighted by a last glaring reflection from the vanished sun, a gorgeous troop of moving clouds was sailing along the horizon, purple and crimson-edged, upon a sea of gold. They had taken a shape like the pleasure-galley of some ancient Eastern queen, and floated solemnly, as if to music not heard on earth. Something like this was suggested to Lola's mind as the lovers stood still to look, but Arthur saw only the expedition, sailing away without him to shores unknown. For now he had made up his mind indeed. Let them go, said Arthur Gray; he would have Lola for his wife.

Next day, when the young governess went to Roselands to give the lessons, Arthur was already on his way to London to explain to his exploring friends that he could not join their party. He would arrange some matters of business, and return to the forest country and ask Lola to be his wife. He thought he knew well what she would answer. There has only one woman in the world who would venture to share his poverty, but she was the only woman he wanted, for she was Lola. When the girl arrived at Granny's house she found the old lady walking up and down the path with a gold-headed stick and a large parasol, and a face of much unusual perturbation.

"I have given the children a holiday, and they are making hay in the meadow," said Granny to Lola. "I am going to have a talk with you. I have got at last," she continued, "what I have long been seeking for you, a situation in Paris, where you may see a little of the world, and improve yourself in French. For a girl who has to earn her bread such improvements are desirable, and you cannot go on expensive trips as your cousins can. I have a letter here from the gentleman who engages you. He will wait for you till to-morrow, when you must join him."

Lola's cheeks had become white. She reflected for a few moments, and then raised her eyes gravely to the old lady's face, saying:

"I cannot go."

"Now, Lola, listen to me. You are only a connection of this family. I have always treated you as if you were my grandchild, and if I could have done more for you I should have been glad, but I am too poor."

"I should not have accepted more," said Lola.

"Don't be pert, miss, with your should nots and cannots. I have some questions to ask of you. Arthur Gray has gone to London. Do you know what his business is?"

"No," said Lola.

"Is it possible that he has asked you to marry him?"

"No."

"But he has done just the same, and you expect that he will ask you when he comes back?"

"Yes," said Lola.

"And you won't go away to earn your own bread because you are waiting to be a millstone round a poor man's neck? You are resolved to wreck completely all the hopes he had cherished before he met you?"

A dreadful look had come into the young girl's eyes; she put her hand dizzily to her head.

"You silly child, don't you see that he is a poor man; no one could be poorer except yourself. If he were an ordinary man this ought to deter you, for he would have to toil in a way you know little about to give you bread to eat. He is not a common man, but with a great career before him, that is if you, a chit of a girl do not step in to spoil it. He is too generous to tell you this, perhaps, but I have no scruple in hurting you when it ought to be done."

"Tell me about his career," said Lola.

"The great person who introduced me to him in London," continued Granny, "said to me, 'This will be a distinguished man in a few years hence, if he only regains his health, and keeps himself free of encumbrances I shall keep an eye on his career and push him onward if I can.' Gray talked to me about it during our journey down here; told me all his hopes while I was petting and taking care of him. I said, 'You must beware of a foolish marriage,' 'The worst thing that could happen to me,' was his answer; 'I hope you have nothing dangerous down in your country?' I remembered only my grand-daughters, and that they were a great deal too sensible to take any interest in him. I never thought of you at all, child; yet here you are doing the mischief, being neither wise for your own interests, nor generous in looking to his. You have ruined him so completely that he is gone to refuse an offer which would have given him fame and fortune had you not been in the way."

"What is that offer?" asked Lola.

"An expedition is sailing next week to the North Pole, or somewhere thereabouts. What they are going to do I am not sure about; but they are scientific men, and they have induced Arthur Gray to be of their party. A few short weeks ago he would have looked upon any one who had prevented his accepting this as an enemy. Now he goes to London to refuse it, in order that he may pin himself to drudgery and obscurity for life; that he may live in repining over what you have selfishly forced upon him, he being far too generous to disappoint you."

Lola did not answer a word, but stood with her face turned away, looking into the forest; then slowly turned away and began walking like a sleep-walker toward the opening in the trees. Granny looked after her angrily, too full of Arthur's wrongs to have any pity for the girl whom she counted his enemy. "An obstinate monkey," she said to herself, wrathfully, and muttered her way back to the house, while Lola spent two long hours alone in the forest. Only the trees, and the river, and the singing grass saw her struggle; when she came back to Granny her face looked gray and old.

"I will join the gentleman to-night," she said, "and go to Paris with him."

Now that Granny was triumphant, a new feeling of pity came into her heart. But she knew she had done her duty, and that Lola was behaving well. She patted the girl on the shoulder, and sent her home to pack up her things, and made vague promises in her own mind that something good must certainly be done for Lola.

When Gray came back from London, there was no Lola in the forest country, and Granny explained to him how prudently the girl had acted.

"You could not expect of her that she would not seize a good offer when it presented itself," she said. "It is very well for men when women are found with a little common sense. She will have advantages in Paris, and will make a good marriage. Lola is a wise girl, and as for you, you will get over it."

"Certainly," said Arthur, "he would not interfere with any woman's prospects."

And then he also went alone into the forest, and complained that the world had never seen a faithful woman. The grass sighed again, and a smile curled the edges of the leaves of the trees, but not a thing hinted to him of Lola's sacrifice. That night he was again in London, and the next day he sailed with the expedition. As he looked over the ship's side, ambitious hopes rose in his heart, and subdued the pain that would have lingered still. The sea-foam

gathered over the past of a few months. The sun of the old world set brilliantly upon what lay behind him; a summer dream, blue mists, dancing trees, sunny idleness, children's voices, and a woman's face framed in the purple shadow among leaves.

A FRONTIER EPISODE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY W. P. CHAMBERS.

"Do you think you will be back to-night?"

"Yes, if nothing happens. I know the road is muddy, and my team is heavily loaded. I may mire down, or be otherwise delayed, but I think you will see me before bed-time."

"I wish the trip was over."

"So do I; but you are not afraid to stay here?"

"No, not afraid"—but the little woman sighed as she spoke, and set about preparing for her husband's departure. Manlike, he failed to observe the anxious look in his wife's eyes, that he would have detected so readily in the eyes of his bride. Nor when he gave the parting kiss did he observe the unshed tears trembling on her lashes, or the quiver around her mouth. With cheery words upon his lips he seized his whip, and giving the word to his team the heavily-laden wagon rolled away.

William Armstrong, his wife and babe, were among the first white settlers west of the Tombigbee. They hailed from Georgia, and placing the Creek nation between them and their kindred, went to work with a will reclaiming the unhewn forest. With the ever-friendly Choctaws they were at peace, and anticipated no trouble from their more warlike neighbors east of the river.

For four years they had lived unmolested, and, altogether, a kind Providence had blessed their labors. No sickness had visited them—their farm and their stock yielded an ample support, and in the not distant future William Armstrong bade fair to become a wealthy man. There was one drawback, however; it was two miles to the nearest white neighbor, and their little boy, Charley—a sturdy chap of five summers—had hardly ever seen a white boy of his own age.

At that time cotton was just becoming an article of commerce. With an enterprise beyond his wisdom our settler planted his little farm in the fleecy staple. The yield was abundant and the prices high, but there were no available facilities for ginning and baling, and so he was compelled to haul and ship his crop in the seed. It was twelve miles to the river—at a landing on which a village had sprung up, which was the "market"—for an extent of country that now would support a city of no mean pretensions.

This was his last load of cotton, and he expected to bring back his annual supply of groceries. Our pioneers, however, bought but little. Wheaten bread once a week, and coffee with sugar in it once a day, was an extravagance in culinary matters few could aspire to; and no woman was expected to have two calico gowns at once.

When her husband was gone, Mary Armstrong did up her ordinary housework, and then proceeded to the spring, which was at the foot of the hill some two hundred yards from the house, to do her weekly washing. Charley—their only child—went with her and played near her till the washing was nearly completed. Saying he was hungry, he set off toward the house. His mother, intent upon her work, hardly noticed his absence, nor could she even remember how long since he had gone away, when her task was ended, and, with a pail of newly-washed clothes poised upon her head, she started homeward.

As she ascended the hill, which hid the house from her view while at the spring, a sight met her eyes that froze her to the ground with horror. *Their house was on fire!*

The roaring flames leaped upward, and darted forth their lurid, withering tongues in fantastic gambols, as they were swept by the winds.

"Great God! Oh, my child!" gasped the bloodless lips, as the half-crazed woman rushed toward the burning pile. *Too late!* wretched mother, *too late!* The roof has fallen in, and the walls and doorways are in a solid flame! Thy child is now but a charred and shapeless mass—a blackened cinder with no semblance of a human form.

An unseen arm seemed to hold back the frantic mother. Essay often as she would to rush forward, an outside power seemed to restrain her, to hurl her back fainting and breathless.

"Charley! *Charley! Charley!*" The words rang out above the roaring din of the flames, but they seemed more like the weird shrieks of a lost spirit than the cry of a human being. At last the walls fell in, and a shower of sparks shot upward toward the pitiless sky. "*Charley,*" rang out once more like a wail of despair, and the wretched mother fell down in a deadly swoon. When she awoke to consciousness again the flames were burning low, and she looked eagerly to see the body of her child.

Tears came to her relief at last, and sitting down she cried long and bitterly. In her agony she essayed to lift her thoughts to God, but the soul at such times cannot at once draw near to him who wields the rod, that the stroke may be less severely felt. Do not blame her, gentle reader, as you sit safely intrenched behind your system of reason and philosophy for giving way so entirely to passion and to terror. Have the rules you have carefully devised for your guidance in all emergencies ever been subjected to a test like this? He is cool indeed, who unflinchingly and unappalled, can look such a catastrophe steadily in the face.

All the long afternoon—longer than a hundred years it seemed to her—the wretched creature walked around the smouldering ruins, wringing her hands in mute and hopeless agony. She could see nothing that resembled her boy, and she almost hoped he had escaped. All around the farm she ran, back to the spring, and over the hills, crying, "Charley," but only the mocking winds in the tall pine-trees answered, or, they drowned her voice in their pitiless sweeps across the wintry woods.

Back to the ruins she ran and resumed that hopeless, agonizing walk around the ashes of her boy. The sun went down, the moon and stars took their stations in the grand march of the worlds, and the winds were hushed as night fell around her. The woods were silent save the distant howlings of a pack of wolves, and the nearer hootings of an owl.

Reader, have you ever stood and waited for time to end? If so, you can conceive how slowly passed the ages—for so they seemed to her—ere her husband returned. She heard the cracking of the whip and his cheery voice down the road. Swifter than the wind she flew to meet him, and fell wordless and senseless at his feet.

"Good Heavens, Mary! What is it?" But there was no answer. Raising the unconscious form in his arms the alarmed husband rushed homeward leaving his team to plod along as they would. When he reached the crest of the hill, and saw—not his home, but a *cemetery*—saw the black ruins still sending up a tiny smoke, he sank down with a groan helpless almost as the burden he bore. As he had climbed the hill with his fainting wife, his fatherly instinct had pointed to his son. He expected to find him a pallid corpse; perhaps arrayed for burial, but beautiful—*so* beautiful in death. But this—homeless and childless—was more than the strong man could bear.

Rallying, he lifted up his wife, and carried her to the spot. He chafed her form till he brought life to her again, and then she told him the sad and fearful story.

Together they raked over all the embers of the burned dwelling—together they went over the farm and the woods, and together they shouted the name of their son, till the tears blinded them and the great sobs rose up and choked them, "Charley! Charley! Charley!" the woods rang with the cry, the owl hooted in response, and the distant pack of wolves stopped their dismal orgies to listen, but no Charley was there to come.

Morning found the wretched parents turning over again and again, the ashes and dead coals of their house. The patient oxen stood yoked at the gate, still hitched to the wagon they had drawn all the previous day. In his grief the settler had had but one thought, and that thought was "*Charley.*" Unyoking his team while his wife was preparing a little food, they ate a few mouthfuls and set about a more systematic search. About two miles away lived a Choctaw hunter rejoicing in the appellation of "Big-Bear-Skin," beneath whose uncouth exterior and swarthy skin there beat a heart softened by the "milk of human kindness."

To his cabin repaired Mr. Armstrong and told his story. The Indian listened in silence; not a muscle moved on his face, not a quiver around his glittering eye as he heard the recital. When it was finished he only said, "Big-Bear-Skin go and see!" And away he went.

Further on was another encampment—quite a village in fact—where lived the chief of the band. Thither repaired the unhappy father, and as he and the chief were great friends, the latter collected his braves and set out to the burned dwelling. Arriving there they found Big-Bear-Skin intently studying the ground.

"What is it?" demanded the settler.

"Tracks heap. Moccasin tracks all round. Creek Indians—no Choctaw moccasin here."

At the name of the dreaded Creeks a tremor crept through the frames of the settler and his wife, but still there sprang up a little hope—their child might be yet alive and be ultimately restored to their arms. A hurried consultation was held, and the chief and his braves set off rapidly on the trail of the Creek depredators. Big-Bear-Skin alone remained behind. Mr. Armstrong proposed going with them, but the chief sternly forbade him, saying,

"White man stay with squaw. Choctaw find Creek nigger—kill um heap—bring pale face papoose home—glad heap."

When they had departed Big-Bear-Skin sought the spring followed by the unhappy father and mother. When near the spring the Indian gave a sudden grunt.

"What is it?" came from the parents, for long intercourse with the red men had taught them to attach a significance to sounds utterly meaningless in civilized society.

"Papoose go this way," and he struck off at right angles through the thicket. With hearts too full for utterance the settler and his wife followed closely behind. Presently the Indian stopped, and when they came up he said,

"Let white squaw go back and stay—white man go with Big-Bear-Skin."

"Please let me go too!" pleaded the wife as she caught her husband's arm, and looked appealingly in the Indian's face.

"White squaw must stay!" repeated the Indian, and there was just a shade of scorn mingled with impatience in his tone.

"It is best as he says, dear Mary," said her husband. "Go back, please, till we return, and pray that we may succeed," and the wretched husband caught his more wretched wife to his bosom in a passionate embrace.

Back, therefore, she went to pass another long, long and weary day. Slowly the sun mounted up to the meridian—then the clouds came up, and just as the seemingly endless afternoon was giving way to night, the rain began to fall. Into an outhouse crawled the watcher at the burned home, and listened—for what? Was it any wonder if she often fancied she heard the footfalls of little feet mingling with the dreary rain, and, if more than once, she cried out the name of her boy? How strangely sounded her voice, and how mockingly dripped and pattered the rain!

When ages had passed, as it seemed to her, she heard a distant shout. Nearer and nearer it came, till at last she could distinguish her husband's voice. Unable to bear the suspense any longer, she rushed blindly out into the darkness.

"Have you found him?" she almost shrieked, as she could just dimly discern the outlines of two moving objects.

"*Mother!*" cried a ringing, childish voice.

With a cry of joy too great to be expressed in conventional words, the mother clasped her child to her bosom.

Then came the reaction, and she again fell down unconscious. This, however, was of short duration, and in a few moments she and her child were safe in the outhouse.

Sparing the reader her profuse and heartfelt thanks and the Indian's stoical reception of the same, we will briefly relate the incidents of the pursuit as detailed by Mr. Armstrong to his wife the next day.

"After you turned back, I could hardly keep up with the Indian. He seemed to follow the trail by intuition, for I am certain he did not see any tracks for a hundred yards at a time. I hardly saw one once in a quarter of a mile. Charley must have become entirely lost in the swamp, for he made two large circles, so the Indian said. It was late in the afternoon when we found where he had slept. As we stood looking at the place, another grunt from the Indian brought me to his side. He silently pointed to the ground, and I there saw the foot-prints of an enormous bear. My heart sank within me. After all his wanderings, our boy had died in the jaws of this monster. I think I groaned aloud, but the Indian, who had been inspecting the ground, suddenly cried out, 'Bear no kill!' and away he went again, faster than ever.

"Three times we crossed the creek, and we went through cane-brakes such as I have never seen before. I could hardly keep in sight of my guide, and yet I felt sure that he was on the right trail. If I ever prayed it was then, that God would lead that Indian to my child. It was getting dusk, we had left the cane, when Big-Bear-Skin suddenly stopped. I saw him raise his rifle and fire. A terrible roar followed, and as I looked to ascertain the cause, I saw Charley leap from a pile of leaves almost at the Indian's feet, and dart away like a startled fawn! In vain I called his name; he was utterly wild. Before I could think, the Indian was gone in pursuit. I followed as rapidly as I could, and when I came up the little fellow was sullenly fighting with all his might in the grasp of his captor.

"As soon as he had become somewhat calm, and I had taken him, the Indian offered him some dried venison, which he ate voraciously. We returned to where the bear had been shot, and found that it was at the time standing guard over the sleeping boy, intending doubtless to make a meal of him as soon as he should awake. Charley said the bear had him when he awoke, but that he went to sleep again before he stopped. It was evident that he had been covered with leaves, and was asleep till the noise of the gun aroused him. It was now dark, and we were ten miles from here, so the Indian said, but we came as rapidly as we could."

It is needless to add that the Creeks escaped with their booty, after robbing and firing the house; nor need we state specifically that a new rifle, and whatever trinkets he wished besides, graced the lodge of Big Bear-Skin after this. He remained a true friend to the whites, and I have heard him tell the children of Charley Armstrong the story of their father's adventure. Our lost boy is an old man now, and his grandchildren play around his knees. One of his sons ploughs over the spot where he was covered up by the bear, and the old man sometimes rides down there and takes a look at the place.

Annie Miller's Home.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLARE VERNON.

It was the beginning of the summer term of the R—— Academy, and the students were coming in from all quarters; among the rest came a new scholar, Annie Miller.

"How do you like Miss Miller for a room-mate?" inquired Flora Broughton, of Ethel Fosbroke, as they stood by the window in the parlor.

"Oh, ever so much," replied Ethel. "She's so stylish and talented; and then—her papa is wealthy."

"How do you know that?" queried Flora.

"Why she mentioned quite accidentally, that she was in the habit of taking morning rides; and when I questioned her, she said she had the dearest little love of a pony; and then—"

Ethel's communications were broken suddenly off by the appearance of the subject of conversation.

Annie Miller was barely medium height; but her erect and haughty carriage, together with a somewhat elongated neck, made her appear quite tall. Her form was well-modelled, with sloping shoulders, slender waist, and very small hands and feet. Her hair, a dark-brown, was fastened back with a simple comb, and fell in a shower of curls below her waist. Her nose had a decided upward tendency, but her other features were all well-enough, consisting of a high rounding forehead, and a small, proud-looking mouth. Her eyes were of a dark-gray hue, and her eyebrows were dark and heavy.

Ethel and Flora greeted her, and the three chatted away until they were interrupted by a tall, handsome gentleman whom Ethel introduced to Annie Miller as her brother, Lemoile Fosbroke.

Lemoile Fosbroke was engaged, and he had no right to feel so much interest in Miss Miller. But he was of a fickle temperament; and from that day, Annie Miller by her fascinations and the reputed wealth of her father, completely enthralled him; and he would, when opportunity permitted, sit and listen as she told of past enjoyments, of her papa who idolized her, and of her beautiful home.

We have said that Fosbroke was engaged; and so he was to a sweet, blue-eyed, blonde-haired lassie. Ada Mayne, his betrothed, attended school at the Academy, and as his home and occupation was at R——, and also as she was Ethel's friend, he had become acquainted with her, and, the term previous, had become engaged to her; but had never visited her at home, and was quite curious concerning her parents establishment.

He ascertained that Miss Miller and Ada were neighbors, and he questioned Annie concerning his betrothed's relatives. She informed him that they were miserably poor; and that Ada was enabled to attend school only through her (Annie's) papa's generosity. Fosbroke was deeply mortified at this unwelcome revelation, and cutting Ada's acquaintance utterly, he became quite devoted to Miss Annie Miller. Ada, however, did not resent it, nor inquire the reason of his changed behavior.

She had one friend, for Flora Broughton, in spite of the remarks of the other pupils when they learned the story of Ada's poverty, seemed almost to worship her; and Flora's brother Frank, a penniless young law-student of R——, excelled his sister in his admiration of the golden-haired, poverty-stricken girl, for he had loved Ada Mayne from the first hour of their acquaintance, but believing her to be wealthy, he had never dared offer himself. When Lemoile informed him that he was her accepted lover, Frank resigned himself to live the life of a bachelor. But now Ada's poverty and Lemoile's leaving the field gave him an opportunity, and he became quite open in his attentions.

Fosbroke suffered the term to end without offering himself to Miss Miller. He was resolved, before he committed himself again, to ascertain the exact position of the girl he wished to marry. Miss Miller evidently expected a proposal, and she hinted that she approved of elopements. But experience had been Fosbroke's schoolmaster, and he kept his lips sealed on the subject of matrimony, although he intended to expedite matters when once he had seen Miss Miller in her father's mansion.

When Miss Miller returned home, she invited none of her friends to visit her, not even excepting her dear friend Ethel, nor her *very* dear friend, Lemoile. Ada, on the contrary, was very cordial and profuse in her invitations, even extending them to Fosbroke, her recreant knight, and to her summer friend Ethel.

The students were very differently affected at the departure of these two young ladies. They attributed Miss Annie's lack of inviting them to pride, and they settled it in their own minds that she did not consider them worthy of being received at her aristocratic home. They treated Ada's invitations with the utmost contempt, and some even went so far as to say, "Will you put us to sleep in the loft? And will you feed us on corn bread and buttermilk? Yes, of course I'll come. Ha! ha! ha!"

Fosbroke and Ethel, however, assured Ada that if they were ever in her vicinity they would call. Flora and Frank Broughton accepted her invitations with delight.

Frank, just before Ada's departure, revealed his passion, and begged her to promise to be his wife.

"No, Frank," said she, "I will not give you an answer now; but whenever you see fit to visit my home, I will then give you a decisive response."

With this he was forced to be content, and they parted.

It was in August that the vacation took place, and September found Fosbroke, although she had given him no invitation, on his way to visit "Lady Annie," as he was in the habit of designating her. Ethel exerted all her powers of persuasion to indnce him to abandon the idea.

"Lemoile," said she, "if you go, you will repent it."

But he laughed her counsel to scorn, and went on his way rejoicing. He did not know the exact location of the house he was seeking, and he was compelled when he stopped off the train to inquire of the station-master the most direct route to Mr. Miller's.

"Miller, Miller, don't know him. Yes, I do, too, if it's old Josh Miller you want?" said old "Iron-grey," for so his associates styled him.

"I do not know his Christian name, perhaps he is the person I am in search of," said Lemoile.

"Well," said the station-master, eyeing his interlocutor from head to foot, "if you really do want to go to old Josh Miller's, jest take that 'ere road that goes into them woods; foller the road two miles, and then turn to your right. The fust house is Miller's." Then after a moment he continued—

"Though what you're goin' thar for, I'm sure I don't know; unless it's to court his gal."

"You may keep your impertinence to yourself, if you please," said Fosbroke, drawing himself stiffly up and striding away.

"Old Iron-grey" watched his retreating figure and muttered—

"Blest if that chap's much of a catch even for old Josh's gal. Reckon he's some chap she picked up at school."

Meanwhile the person whom he was there slightingly alluding to, was indulging in a not very hopeful view of the situation. The station-master's manner when speaking of Mr. Miller seemed to indicate that something was wrong.

Perhaps he has lost his property by some sudden reverse of fortune. If I hadn't cut the fellow off so short, I'd go back and make inquiries. But that isn't to be thought of, as it is, I'll have to go on."

These and similar thoughts occupied him entirely, and he passed by all the beauty which was so profusely strewn around him, and did not withdraw his mind from the all-engrossing thought of the discoveries he was to make until he had turned as directed, and his attention was arrested by the sight of a house.

"Confound it, I believe I've lost my way, for it was the first house. But perhaps I haven't, for that don't seem much like a *house*, it looks more like an uninhabitable pig-pen. But it *is* a house. Well, I can inquire for Mr. Miller's residence again. Probably that prying old chap at the station, was an enemy of my future father-in-law; I'll find out all I can here, and settle my doubts."

The building, indeed, scarcely merited the appellation of "house." It was an unchinked, undaubed log-cabin; with one window and one door in front, and the rotten boards, which served for a roof, were held in their respective places by logs, pinned to the larger ones upon which it rested. A tumble-down rail-fence separated it from the road, and, as Fosbroke stepped over this, a hungry-looking, small, white cur came rushing from the rear of the house, and commenced a vigorous barking, which dispersed the chanticleer and hens that were crowing, cackling and scratching in the filthy yard.

Lemoile advanced to the entrance of the squalid dwelling, picking his way daintily along. The door was closed and he rapped upon it with his cane.

"Come in, if your nose's clean," was the summons to enter, given in a childish voice. Lemoile was completely "taken aback" by this, but he pushed open the door, and—*words* are inadequate to describe his feelings at what he then saw.

The apartment was of moderate size, and it contained two unmade beds, a few old chairs and stools, a greasy looking cupboard, the doors of which stood wide open, and at which an unwashed, barefooted boy was busily engaged in spreading butter and molasses on a slice of "rye and injun" bread. A fire-place of, it seemed to Lemoile, enormous proportions, was filled with ashes, and the hearth was covered with pans and kettles; and in this room, seated on the carpetless floor, her hair uncurled and uncombed and trailing in the dirt, slovenly attired, feet guiltless of covering, a pail of diminutive red apples and a pile of time-worn newspapers by her side, oblivious, as she ate her apples and read her papers, of what was passing on around her, was—Annie Miller.

The boy who had given Fosbroke that queer invitation to enter, uttered an exclamation when he saw a fashionably dressed stranger, instead of his brother, whom he supposed it to be; Annie raised her head, saw the disgust and consternation depicted on Lemoile Fosbroke's countenance, and, with her face glowing with shame at being thus disclosed in her true character, she ran across the floor, and out the back door, slamming it behind her.

Lemoile stood like one petrified, and the boy, with a laugh at the retreat of his sister, said—

"Beg parding, sir, for what I said. I thought it was Bob, he's all'ays playin' that trick on me. Take a chair," he went on as he pushed one toward Lemoile, "and don't mind Ann, that's her way when she sees anybody comin'. She 'most all'ays gits out of sight, but you came in too quick for her. But," he added in a tone of admiration, "she can slip it off though, can't she?"

Fosbroke did not accept the chair proffered him, and made no comments on the flight of "*Lady Annie*;" but after he had somewhat recovered his composure, he said:

"Does a family by the name of Mayne reside in this vicinity?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Do you know them?" asked Lemoile.

"I guess I do. He lives 'bout a mile out beyond here," was the reply.

"Is he wealthy?" questioned Fosbroke, eagerly.

"You bet! He owns 'most all the land around here. This house is his'n, but it's the worsest-lookin' one he's got. He isn't stingy one bit, either. He sent Ann to school last summer. Father couldn't send her, 'cause he spends all his money for whisky, so 'Squire Mayne give Ann the rocks, and she went," replied the boy, verifying the adage, that "Children and fools speak the truth."

"He's got jest the nicest house I ever seen. The front yard's got fountains an' trees an' flowers in it, 'stead of pigs an' geese, like we have in corn. I was inside of the house onst, an' it was jest like goin' to Heaven!" continued the boy, enthusiastically.

"Has he a daughter, Ada?" asked Lemoile, determined to be entirely satisfied as to this Mayne.

"Yes; and she's got the prettiest white pony. Ann borrered it onst when she tuk some eggs to town, an' she let me take it back home; it went as easy as a cradle. She's goin' to be married 'fore long."

"Who?" asked Lemoile.

"Why, 'Squire Mayne's gal, Ada. Tell you, she's a stunner!"

"Who to?" said Fosbroke, catching his breath.

"To a lawyer. Frank, suthin' or other."

"Not Frank Broughton?"

"Yes, that's his name. He's up there now, him and his sister. Be you goin' there, too?"

"No," said Lemoile, shortly, and not waiting to hear more, he turned to depart. As he did so, a party on horseback came clattering down the road; it was composed of Ada Mayne, Frank and Flora Broughton, and several others unknown to Fosbroke. He had reached the road when they came up. There was no escaping, and he was forced to stand his ground.

"Why, Mr. Fosbroke!" "How do you do, Lemoile?" "Where did you spring from?" were some of the remarks of Ada, Flora and Frank, as they came to a halt beside him.

Before he could form a suitable response, the tattered youth, who was seated on the before-mentioned fence, shouted:

"He sprung up from our house here; an' when he cum, you better bet, Ann lit out!"

This was received with such peals of laughter, that Lemoile forgot the dignity of his manhood; forgot his tight boots; forgot everything, in fact, except his desire to get out of sight and hearing, as soon as possible—and started off down the road at a perfectly incredible rate of speed.

The party he so unceremoniously left, after bandying a few jokes at his expense, rode on; and here we will leave them. Simply stating, that while Frank and Flora are enjoying the rewards of their constancy, Lemoile, the fortune-hunter, and Annie, the adventuress, are writhing under a sense of humiliation, as painful as it is deserved; and that Ethel Fosbroke's only consolation is, that she is enabled to say, and with truth to her self-sufficient brother, "I told you so!"

UNDER A MASK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARGARET A. DOUGLASS.

"Maud, mother says you have refused George Darnley—it cannot be true?" said Robert Dayton, turning suddenly toward his sister, who was seated near the grate pretending to read, but in reality studying the glowing coals.

"What did you say, Robin? Yes, of course, I have; and, really, as I am the person most concerned, I think I might be allowed to judge for myself," she returned, petulantly.

"But, Maud, we all thought you liked him, and then he is such a splendid fellow!"

"You were all mistaken then; as for his being splendid *I* have never discovered it."

"He is desperately in love with you and told mother he would not consider your answer final. Maud, how can you have the courage to throw away such love?"

"There, Robin, please hush, or you'll make me wish you had never come home! It's bad enough to have mamma shake her head as though she thought me demented, without having *you* begin," said Maud, rising and coming to the window where he stood.

"Maudie, honestly, don't you like him?" asked her brother catching her by the hand.

"Have you any right to ask?" she said, flushing slightly. "But to change the subject, have you seen Ruth Amory since you came back?" she continued.

"Yes, two or three times; that reminds me, Maud, will you tell me how she is to be dressed at Mrs. Dumont's masquerade?" he replied.

"What! betray my friend? Never!" she exclaimed, her face dimpled into smiles at his eagerness.

In spite of all entreaties she was firm, but just as he turned to leave the room she asked, "Do you admire the Turkish costume, Robin?"

In a minute he was at her side; "Is that the dress, Maudie?"

"Did I say it was, sir? I merely asked you if you liked it."

"Much obliged. I know it is; I'm convinced of it! You've committed yourself, and there's no getting out of it!" he said laughingly as he closed the door.

For a minute or two she stood where he had left her, with her white forehead wrinkled with the intensity of her thoughts, then turned toward the door as if to leave the room. As she paused with her hand on the door-knob, her eye fell on a boy of twelve or thirteen who was curled upon one of the sofas reading.

"Well, little pitcher, how long have you been in here?" she asked.

"Oh! ever since dinner. Give me back my book, sis."

"All in good time. Ever since dinner—then you heard what Robin said? about finding out what Ruth will wear at the masquerade, I mean."

"Yes, but I say sis, I want to read."

"So you shall—after a while. Now, Robin has an idea she will wear a Turkish dress, but, in reality, *I* shall wear it. Now, if he insist upon believing I'm Ruth I shall not undeceive him—you understand?"

"Whew! Girls beat all!" commented the young gentleman.

"Now, Horace," insinuatingly, "I want you to do me a favor. Find out how Robin will dress, and tell me this evening. I know you will," still more insinuatingly.

"I'll do it! What a jolly go! But poor old Robert, to think of his wasting a whole evening on his sister!"

"Yes; but it will be good discipline; he has a fashion of asking disagreeable questions, and this is his punishment," Maud answered laughingly.

That evening Horace brought her word that Robert was to go in the garb of a Capuchin, and added,

"I say, sis, Mr. Darnley's going to be a domino—black and scarlet!"

"I was not aware I had asked you to inquire on that point; in future you need not be quite so officious," retorted Maud, retiring to her room disgusted with the world in general.

As she brushed out her hair that night she thought, "No, he will not accept my answer as final! It is extremely probable I'll reconsider the matter and say yes!" after which bitter sarcasm the young lady retired to rest.

Scarcely had Maud entered Mrs. Dermont's hall before she found her hand on the arm of a tall Capuchin.

"Robin, Robin, what an old bat you are!" was her first comment.

"So Fatima has come at last after delaying long enough to drive me wild with impatience," said the Capuchin.

"Waiting? I am sorry, but I did not know—I mean think—that—" with affected timidity she left her reply unfinished. "Pretty good. My voice sounded a little like hers, and he'll make allowances for my timidity and the way this veil muffles the sound," she thought.

"Keep your hand on my arm firmly or the crowd will part us," muttered the deep voice at her side.

"Cool! He evidently takes it for granted that Ruth is as unwilling to be separated from him as he from her! I'll tease him a little," again thought Maud, and as they were slowly making their way through the imps, Medeas, Ivanhoes, Desdemonas, *et cetera*, who crowded the ante-room, she slipped her hand from his arm and escaped from him among the crowd.

For some time she wandered around laughing and talking; now with the Prince of Darkness for a companion, and again with one of the numerous Charles the Seconds who disported themselves about the rooms.

At last, feeling rather tired, she seated herself on a divan and watched the fantastic crowd sweep to and fro.

Presently a Norman peasant girl, leaning on the arm of a scarlet and black domino, passed by. The girl was Ruth Amory, and Maud recognized her at once, or rather the dress, for it was by that she knew her. The domino, of course, was Mr. Darnley. In a few minutes they passed her again, and so closely this time, that she heard him whisper "my darling."

At the words she started as if she had been shot, mechanically repeating them to herself, adding,

"I thought that Ruth and Robert—" but the thought was never finished, for at that moment the Capuchin who had been watching her from the opposite side of the room, crossed over and joined her.

"I see, Sultana, you did not lay aside your jealousy when you put on this," he said, touching her white veil.

"Really, you are hardly complimentary, sir!" she retorted. Then to herself: "Well, Robert, if this is a specimen of the way you talk to Ruth, I'm not surprised she prefers Mr. Darnley's society to yours?"

"It was not intended for a compliment," Maud heard him answer; and then her thoughts flew after the peasant girl and the domino.

"Poor, dear, old Robin, it's shameful! I did not think Ruth could do as she is doing; almost engaged to him, and listening, while Mr Darnley—Mr. Darnley!—As to try to supplant Robert, while he professes to be his friend—he is not worth even a thought, except—he consoles himself easily!" At this point, under cover of the friendly veil, two great tears glimmer for an instant on the heavy dark lashes, and fall on the white hands clasped amid its folds.

Meanwhile the Capuchin had ceased speaking, and was evidently waiting for a reply. With a fervent wish that she might undeceive him, Maud asked, wearily

"Is there no place away from this heat and glare where we can rest?"

"Will you come into the conservatory?" he asked; and slipping her hand through his arm, they slowly threaded their way through the dense mass of people who were treading upon each other, and being trod upon, as they tried meanwhile to delude themselves into the belief they were enjoying themselves.

He led her through the conservatory, and parting the branches of the orange trees, placed at the farthest end, he invited her to enter.

On obeying, she found herself in a perfect fairy grotto, dimly lighted, and with only the distant echo of the music and the drip, drip of the water to break the silence.

With a little cry of astonishment, Maud sank upon one of the rustic chairs, while the Capuchin, throwing himself at her feet, said, in his muffled voice:

"I know all our host's places of retreat, you see. And now may I ask you to listen to me for a few minutes?"

"Yes," she said, languidly, wishing again that she had never begun the foolish deception, but determined to play her part to the end, no matter what it cost.

After a moment's hesitation, he began:

"Almost two years ago a friend of mine fulfilled his destiny—that is, he met and fell in love with a girl some three or four years younger than himself." He was making an effort to speak lightly, but hardly succeeding. "No; not *fell* in love—he never did that, I think—at least it seemed to him as though he had loved her from the beginning of time. For awhile, to touch her hand or hear her voice was all-sufficient; but one day he was presumptuous enough to ask her for his wife. The rest is soon told. He was refused. He was not worthy of her, none knew it better than himself; but still the pain was sharp, and hard to bear." With a quiver of pain in his voice, he ended; and Maud, crushing her two burning palms together, murmured to herself:

"Poor Robin! Oh, Mr. Darnley—Ruth, what have you done!"

Presently he began again:

"He could not go quite away from her—she was too dear to him; the old love would not die, and to be near her was *almost* happiness."

Another deep pause, and Maud sat motionless, hardly daring to breathe, wishing to comfort her brother, but dreading to tell him that it was not Ruth to whom he spoke. Hardly knowing what she did, she started to her feet; he rose also, and standing before her, extended both hands, saying passionately:

"He stands before her now—my love—my love, be merciful!"

Turning aside, she bowed her head upon the back of a chair, crying in a voice sharp with pain:

"Forgive me, oh! forgive me, Robin. I never dreamed of this!" and a burst of tears and sobs checked her voice.

A hand was rested softly on her bowed head, and a clear, low voice replied:

"Maud, little Maud!"

With a start she raised her head, and thrusting aside her veil, found herself face to face—not with Robert—but *Henry Darnley*.

For a minute the grotto seemed to swim before her; then she turned upon him with flashing eyes and the tears still wet upon her cheeks.

"*You!*" she exclaimed, when the first surprise had passed away. "*You!*" she repeated.

"Yes, it is I. Maud, Maud be merciful—give me an answer!" he said excitedly.

"It was given five months ago, sir," she replied, hurriedly, adding as she moved toward the entrance, "I can find my way alone, I believe."

He made a motion as if to follow her, but stopped himself instantly, saying:

"At least let us say good-bye, Maude."

She hesitated an instant, then held out her hand.

He clasped it, and stooping, kissed the rosy palm passionately, then relaxed his hold that it might be withdrawn.

At the touch of his lips her cheeks became crimson, and when he released it the white hand fluttered for a moment, then nestled closer in his.

Somehow, after that, she found herself folded in Mr. Darnley's arms, with his kisses raining upon lip and cheek, while a flood of broken words were poured in her ear.

After a time, when they were somewhat calmer, she said, "But how did it happen, I thought Robert was to wear the Capuchin's dress?"

"Yes, your plan was well contrived, sweetheart, but, unfortunately for its success, your ally, Horace, betrayed you into the hands of the Philistines. Robert wore the domino, I this—" he said, picking up the cloak which he had thrown upon the floor.

"What! Have you repented already?" he added, teasingly, as she sprang to her feet in amazement.

"Oh, George! and you knew it all the time?" she said, reproachfully."

How George replied we don't feel called upon to state—he *did* reply, however, and a second time Maud was clasped in his arms.

☞ A Leicestershire curate became possessed of a religious mania recently, and called upon one of his servants to take out his right eye. On the servant's going to him he discovered that his master had cut off his right hand and was in the act of injuring his right eye. Near to him, on a table, was found a prayer-book and a Bible, the latter being open at the passage where it is said, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off," etc.

☞ Railroad conductors in Illinois seem to be a facetious set of beings. A party of school girls lately set out from the village of Ludlow on an excursion, and the tremendously funny man who had charge of the train on which they rode, locked fifteen of them into a car and switched off on a side track and left it there. This fellow's exquisite humor would have been appropriately rewarded by a trial for false imprisonment and a few months' residence in the penitentiary.

A WOMAN TO BE FEARED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PRESLEY W. MORRIS.

I.

It was a quaint, gray Canadian town, with steep, paved streets and grand old buildings. On that evening the sky was undimmed blue; the air just keen enough to be exhilarating. A party of some half a dozen people were hastening along toward the direction from which the deep, solemn tones of a bell came to their ears.

"Are we almost there?" asked a musical voice. The owner's name was Nan Rothermel. Nan was a bright, sparkling creature, with a generous heart and sweet, merry face.

"Yes, we are almost there," answered a tall, handsome gentleman at her side. "Are you getting weary, Nan?"

"No. Only thinking that I might be, if it were much farther to our destination."

Leicester Phillips smiled. "If it were not that we are on a public street I might carry you," he said.

"No you wouldn't, sir. You have forgotten that I am no longer a little girl, but a young lady. Humph!"

"Leicester, are you quarrelling with Nan?" called out a lady who was in front. She was Leicester's mother.

"No. But she is trying to quarrel with me," answered the young gentleman.

"Never mind, Mrs. Phillips," said Kate Rothermel, Nan's sister; "you know Nan is abundantly able to hold her own against Leicester."

"Here we are," interrupted Leicester, pausing before a great, gray stone building. "In plain English this is the convent of the Sacred Heart."

And they all entered. They had come to witness the closing exercises of Madame Cavienett's school year. Madame Cavienett had some pupils the fame of whose musical performances had extended far and wide, comparatively speaking. The exercises that accompanied the graduation of a class from Madame Cavienett's school always drew large audiences.

Leicester Phillips found seats for his party. The performances proceeded in about the same manner that such performances usually do. Presently, however, there appeared upon the stage a creature as lovely as the image of a poet's dream, a girl with golden curls hanging about her shoulders. Her eyes were dark, and sparkled like stars. Her cheeks were tinged with a color as warm as the sunny sky of a southern clime. Her lips were like crimson berries. Her brow, and neck, and arms were white as falling flakes of snow. And she looked as innocent as an angel.

The girl seated herself at the piano, and its chords throbbed in low, sweet, tremulous tones in response to her touch. She sang, and her voice tender, like a low wail of sorrow, brought tears to the eyes of her hearers. Her voice was even worthy to sing of Tennyson's pure Elaine, "The lily maid of Astolat."

But the song commencing in such sad strains rose to notes of triumph at the last. Sweet, and clear and joyous sounded the girl's voice. Angels rejoicing over a repentant sinner might sing in such tones. It was ended at last, and the girl retired with a bow. Leicester Phillips glanced at the printed programme that he held in his hand and beheld the name of Edith Vane there.

"Her name is pretty," he thought, "but not as sweet as her voice."

The girl had made a strong impression on Leicester Phillips That was something strange too, for the faces of strangers seldom had much effect on Leicester. And he had long had a very strong regard for pleasant, bright, generous Nan Rothermel, which he had chosen to term *brotherly*, but which lately had seemed to be becoming something worthy of a better name, *love*. But in spite of all this the slender, graceful figure, and beautifully innocent face of Edith Vane touched his heart strangely.

"Were you pleased, Leicester?" asked Nan Rothermel on their way to their hotel.

"Yes," Leicester answered, absently.

"Wake up, Leicester," cried Nan. "What are you dreaming about?"

"Nothing."

"I'll venture that you've fallen in love with some of those beauties," Nan said, gayly. "There was one, if you should fall in love with whom, I should not blame you."

"Which one?"

"That angel with golden hair, who sang that Italian love-song that commenced so sadly, and ended in such triumphant gladness. Her voice was fairly divine."

"By Heaven's grace the one voice for me," misquoted Leicester.

Nan had been running on carelessly and lightly, but the tone in which Leicester spoke those words caused a sudden pain at her heart. Poor Nan! She had known this handsome young fellow from her childhood up, and is it strange that lately she had made the discovery that he was her hero? And is it singular that any words which might tell her that her hopes were founded in sand would give her pain?

The rest of the walk to the hotel was accomplished in comparative silence on the part of these two. Leicester was thinking of Edith Vane, and Nan—well, let Nan's thoughts go.

The next morning, according to previous arrangement the party, consisting of Leicester Phillips, his father and mother, and Nan and her sister Kate, left the gray, Canadian town. They returned to the United States, and a few days later were at their homes, in a pleasant New England village. Leicester would have liked to remain for a few days longer so as to make some discoveries about the possessor of the face that had charmed him, but he did not wish to disarrange the plans of his companions, and he knew that they would not consent to his remaining behind, so he had no choice but to accompany them.

But for weeks the beautiful, innocent, angel-like face of Edith Vane would float at times before his vision, and her marvellous voice would echo in his ears.

II.

The months slipped away. The impression that had been made upon Leicester Phillips's heart by the golden-haired creature, whom he had heard sing in the gray Canadian town, became dimmer and dimmer. It got so that he only thought of her rarely. Finally he had almost forgotten her altogether. This was but natural. He had only beheld her for a few brief moments. It could not be expected that a mere glance, as it were, should bind him fast to her forever.

But Leicester beheld Nan Rothermel daily. Her power over him reasserted itself. More, it bound him with stronger cords than ever. Is it to be wondered at, then, that when late in December the two families made arrangements to visit the South, he and Nan were betrothed to each other?

The first of January found the Phillips and Rothermel families in a lively little Southern city. For a few days nothing occurred out of the usual routine of events.

But about a week after their arrival, Leicester was out riding. He galloped out beyond the suburbs of the town upon a hard road, wide and level. He had checked his horse's pace, and was riding slowly along, musing deeply, when he heard the clatter of hoofs in front of him. Raising his eyes, he saw a quarter of a mile away a horse galloping wildly toward him. Upon his back was a female figure. Leicester saw that he was running away. Leaping to the ground, the young man stood ready to stop the flying steed.

And Leicester stopped the panting animal. Just as he succeeded in doing so, a man rode up and dismounted to his aid. Leicester lifted the girl—a girl with slender figure—from her horse. Then the pulsations of his heart quickened suddenly. *He held in his arms the golden-haired creature whose marvellous voice had charmed him in the gray Canadian town.*

"Is the lady injured?" asked a deep voice.

Leicester glanced quickly at the face of the man beside him. It was a face perfectly untranslatable in its gravity.

"No, I am not injured," said the lady in a voice musical as silver bells.

The glance of the stranger fell upon her, and his keen, gray eyes lighted with a peculiar expression. "I am glad of it," he said, tersely. And remounting his horse, he rode away.

"I live yonder," the girl said to Leicester, pointing toward the city. Following the direction of her hand, Leicester beheld, half a mile distant, a magnificent residence. He escorted her thither. "You will call," she said. "Promise me that you will. I am sole mistress here."

They were standing at the gateway that led up to the front of the house. A negro servant had taken her still restive horse. She looked as beautiful as she had that first time he beheld her.

"Yes, I will call," Leicester returned.

Then they parted. And there was at *his* heart a strange mixture of pain and pleasure.

Leicester *did* call on her. Once, twice, half a dozen times did he ride out to the magnificent residence where Edith Vane dwelt. The place had not been hers long, for her uncle and aunt, from whom she had inherited it, had both died but a couple of months previous to that first evening on the road, nearly at the same time, as she had informed Leicester.

Singularly enough, Leicester Phillips said nothing whatever about Edith Vane to his friends. The truth must be told. A wild, delirious passion had seized him. This golden-haired woman fascinated, yet repelled him.

"Oh! Nan, Nan, I love you," was his moan many times in his own room, solitary; "but I cannot resist the influence that *she* has over me."

He vowed many times that he would stay away from Edith Vane. But he broke his vows as fast as he made them. He found that he could not resist the strange power that drew him to the side of this woman.

He became moody and abstracted, so much so that Nan noticed it.

"What is the matter, Leicester?" she asked of him one day. "Instead of being merry and light-hearted as you have nearly always been, you are grave and preoccupied."

Leicester kissed her passionately.

"There is nothing wrong with me, save that I have been a trifle unwell for some time."

"Oh, Leicester," sobbed Nan, "I fear sometimes that I may be losing your love."

"I love you better than my life," he cried, pressing her to his heart, "my darling! my own!"

And as he stood there with the girl in his arms, a great light seemed to dawn upon his soul, and he felt at last how much more precious was her love to him than all the allurements of Edith Vane.

"Oh, Nan, my good angel, Nan," he said to himself, "I thought of giving you up for *her*, but if Heaven will pardon me, I will be your true lover forevermore!"

After that his visits to Edith Vane ceased; and he made Nan perfectly happy by his devotion.

A week later he was driving Nan out in a carriage, when a woman upon a horse overtook them. *She* reined in and reached out her hand toward Leicester, with a gayly-murmured salutation, not giving Nan a glance, seemingly. It was Edith Vane.

"Oh, Leicester," she cried, "you have not been out to see me for an age. I am in despair."

"Miss Vane," said Leicester, coldly, "permit me; Miss Rothermel, my betrothed; Miss Rothermel, Miss Vane."

The woman reeled in her saddle fairly, and her free hand clutched itself over her heart. But in a moment she recovered her naturalness. With a bow, she galloped on. But once alone, in her room at home, her mad jealousy and rage found escape in ravings that were terrible.

"I have served to amuse him for a few days," she cried, "and am now to be thrown away as a broken toy. He has learned me to love him with all my passionate heart! Before Heaven, I swear to be revenged! *And with her out of the way*," she muttered finally, "I will win him yet."

Leicester followed Nan in when they reached their hotel. She threw her arms about him suddenly.

"Leicester, dear Leicester," she cried, "could you not trust me?"

Poor Nan!

Then she burst into a passion of tears.

"Why, Nan, what ails you?" Leicester asked.

"I did not know her at first," Nan sobbed piteously; "but she is the sweet-voiced singer of that old gray Canadian town. Dear Leicester, I understand now why your humor has seemingly changed so often of late. Indeed, I do not blame you for loving her better than me, for she is so beautiful. But, oh, Leicester, I wouldn't make you unhappy for the world, and I give you up to her. Henceforth be happy, for you are free to love her." And Nan's sobs continued. It appeared to her that her heart was breaking, but she was altogether in earnest, noble girl that she was.

Leicester caught her to his heart.

"Nan, my own," he cried, "I love you now, and will through all the future!"

And then he told her all.

Happy Nan!

III.

Nan Rothermel and Leicester Phillips were seated on the verandah of their hotel. It was shaded and cool where they were, yet not unpleasant, in the early spring of the South. A man walking in the street beneath attracted Nan's attention. There was an air of familiarity about his figure that struck her forcibly.

"I have beheld that person before," she said to Leicester. "Can you tell me who it is?"

Leicester looked down upon the street, and beheld a man slenderly built, with dark hair and face.

"That person has been stopping here for a couple of days," he returned. "Curiously enough, it occurs to me that I have known him before. He seems desirous of keeping out of sight, for I have only beheld him once or twice. He registers himself as Henrigo Valasquez. He is a Cuban."

At that moment a man came out upon the verandah. Leicester turned toward him. He had keen gray eyes, and a face untranslatable in its gravity. He half drew back when he beheld Leicester and Nan. But an instant later he advanced.

"A pleasant day," he said, saluting the two. His voice was smooth and pleasant.

Shortly he and Leicester became engaged in conversation.

"I have met you before," said Leicester, presently.

"Yes," assented the stranger; "but once, however. Still I remember you distinctly. I met you out on the western road. You had just stopped a runaway horse. My name is John Allen," he added, "and I am from the North."

At length Mr. John Allen left the verandah, Leicester and Nan still remaining there.

"It occurs to me," Leicester said, "that there is something hidden, secret, about that man. I do not think I see quite to the bottom of him."

"Still I think I could trust him," returned Nan.

"A sense of reliance on his strength and honesty was my strongest feeling in regard to him," Leicester observed.

In the course of the next few days Leicester saw the dark-haired Cuban once or twice more, but there was no advance made toward an acquaintanceship. John Allen seemed to be enjoying himself, at ease, without a care in the world. He and Leicester got on splendidly together.

One night, nearly a week after that evening, on the verandah, Leicester complained of feeling unwell, and retired early. He tossed about and could not sleep. The hours dragged their weary lengths along.

At last, Leicester dropped into a doze; but directly his eyes flew open with a start. A weight of terror seemed to be bearing upon his heart.

Leicester rose and dressed himself, putting, as it chanced, a pair of light slippers upon his feet.

"I must have a breath of fresh air," he murmured. He left his room and went out into the hall. A dim light was burning there.

Slowly he walked along. He came into another hall. Leaving that, he entered another. He was bewildered. "I have lost my way," he said to himself.

At that moment he saw ahead of him, outlined faintly in the dim light, a crouching human figure. He peered forward and saw that it was the dark-haired Cuban, Henrigo Valasquez.

The crouching, tiger-like attitude of Valasquez caused Leicester to wonder on what evil he was bent. He resolved to follow him.

Slowly and cautiously the figures crept along. But this was not all. Behind Leicester, creeping along as quietly as the lithe Cuban, was a man *with keen gray eyes and face untranslatable in its gravity*.

On, on went all.

But at length the Cuban stopped. He loosened the breast of his coat, and took from it a shining key. He was by a door. He tried the key, and the door opened. He slipped inside.

And Leicester knew where he was. He was near a suite of rooms belonging to the Rothermel girls and their mother. With a noiseless bound Leicester sprang to the door. He peered inside.

There stood the dark-haired Cuban casting the rays of a small dark-lantern, which he held in one hand, upon the face of a sleeping girl. That girl was Nan Rothermel! But this was not all. The Cuban held in his other hand a gleaming dagger. He lifted it over Nan Rothermel's bosom. It was about to descend!

But, it did not. Leicester sprang forward and struck the blade to the floor. Then he seized the slender figure of the assassin in his strong arms, and in a moment they were both outside the door.

"Murderer!" cried Leicester.

There was a fierce struggle of short duration. A mass of dark hair dropped to the floor, and a wealth of golden curls fell about the lithe figure that Leicester held. With a cry of astonishment he released his grasp. *Before him was Edith Vane.* She turned to flee—turned only to rush into the arms of a man.

"Edith Vane," said a deep even voice, "I arrest you for the murder of your uncle, Cristopher Vane, five months ago; also for the murder of your aunt, Sarah Vane."

Leicester saw before him the man who had called himself John Allen.

"I am Frank Rivers, a New Orleans detective," continued the man of keen gray eyes and face untranslatable in its gravity. "Woman, I have been hounding you for months, collecting proof against you; I have you safe at last. Your ill-gotten wealth will never save you." To Leicester, "Frank Rivers, not John Allen."

The woman had ceased her struggles. Suddenly she straightened herself up in his arms.

"Ha, ha!" she laughed, mockingly, "think you I was not prepared for this moment? I have taken the contents of a poisoned ring, and in five minutes death will change your triumph into defeat. Ha, ha!"

Already her eyes were rolling wildly. A white froth gathered about her lips. Frank Rivers released her. She threw up her arms wildly, and with another mocking laugh fell to the floor in convulsions. And very soon this terrible woman had escaped forever the judgment of any earthly tribunal!

Dear reader, it shall only be added that Nan is now the happy wife of Leicester Phillips.

☞ At a religious gathering in Chicago, a few years since, one of the speakers was the venerable Rev. Dr. Goodell. Broken in mind and body, but animated by the occasion, the aged clergyman said: "Friends, I am far upon my journey to the Celestial City; but I could not help stopping on my way to attend this meeting in Chicago." Here a voice from the multitude was heard by all: "Chicago is not on that road." The effect was electrical, especially upon the poor old gentleman, who was so confused that he could say no more, and was obliged to sit down.

☞ Does a man who ascends Mont Blanc go on a hunting or exploration? This is a question which the Superior Court of Baltimore has to decide. It comes up in a curious way. Dr. Bean had his life insured by a Hartford company for $5 000, and then got a permit to travel abroad, provided he did not go on "hunting or exploring expeditions." He attempted to ascend Mont Blanc, was lost in a fog and a snow storm and frozen to death. The company refuses to pay the insurance, on the ground that ascending Mont Blanc was a hunting or exploring expedition.

☞ A young man in Detroit, Michigan, had the misfortune to cut his foot badly while splitting wood on the morning of the day set for his marriage; but the bride, learning that he could not leave the house, came to him, and they were married at his home, as he sat comfortably in a chair.

☞ A young Irish girl in Jacksonville, Ill., has refused one hundred dollars for her hair. It reaches the floor when she stands erect.

☞ The editor of the Albany Post attended General Dix's first reception. He concludes a rapturous report as follows: "Hence the picturesque tables which invited you to boned turkeys, baked partridges, wing jellies and nightmares last evening. One of the 'mares' referred to we rode after we went to bed two or three hours. The last we saw of the quadruped she was going west on a telegraph wire, with brimstone flames coming out of each nostril, chased by seven-winged crocodiles, swearing in eight syllables, the crocodiles being followed by thirteen ourang outangs, with red-hot pokers in their hands. As the mare passed through Schenectady she was doing her mile in 2.40."

☞ A man in Pittsburgh, who lost his wife some time ago, was last week found lying insensible on his wife's grave, with both legs badly frozen. He had been deeply affected by the loss of his wife, to whom he was passionately attached, and had, shortly after her death, been detected in an attempt to commit suicide. The unfortunate man refuses to allow his legs to be amputated, which, in the opinion of the physician, is the only means of saving his life.

☞ A Trojan is reported by a journal of his native city as being victimized at a Boston hotel. The unfortunate man, like the Hoosier who ate nothing but oysters all the time he was in Baltimore, was determined to lose none of the delicacies of the season, and boldly called for "chicken on shell," and asked the waiter to produce the viand, which he did in the shape of eggs. The Trojan was nonplussed. Upon inquiring what it meant, the waiter replied that as it was a bad time of year for fresh eggs they advertised them as chickens that there might be no mistake.

☞ Large and attractive signboards are a great feature of Chinese shops, and the words upon them are a strange mixture of the flowery literature of the land and the advertising instinct of a commercial people. One or two Pekin signboards will illustrate their general character: "Shop of Heavensent Luck," "Tea Shop of Celestial Principles," "The Nine Felicities Prolonged;" "Mutton Shop of Morning Twilight;" "The Ten Virtues all Complete;" "Flowers rise to the Milky-way." In these signs we see that the Chinaman can combine the soul of a poet with the pocket of a shopman.

☞ The latest originality in the way of newspaper titles is found, of all places in the world, among the Shakers of New Lebanon. For two years they have issued a journal called The Shaker, which was the organ of their sect throughout the country. Lately, however, they have recognized the woman's-rights doctrine by terming their paper The Shaker and Shakeress. This is certainly a striking if not a euphonious title. But it forebodes serious consequences. If Miss Anthony and her associates should inoculate the country with their ideas, we suppose we shall have The Post and Posteas, The Journal and Journaless, The Courier and Courieress, the Advertiser and Advertiseress, &c.—*Buffalo Express.*

☞ Prof. Steuben, a Prussian scientist, has discovered that the theory of vibrations, as generally accepted, is an error, and that the truth will be more nearly approached if the infinite variations of molecules are put in juxtaposition with the effect of percussion on air waves, and tested by the difference between the outer and inner rapidity, as determined by the immovable point of inertness at the centre of contact and the confines of impact.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

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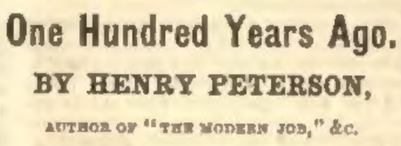

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Instant Relief for the Asthma.
It acts Instantly, relieving the paroxysm immediately, and enabling the patient to lie down and sleep. I suffered from this disease twelve years, but suffer no more, and work and sleep as well as any one. Warranted to relieve in the worst case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box. Ask your Druggist for it. CHAS. B. HURST, Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa. mar1-6t

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WIT AND HUMOR.

WHAT A HUNGRY BOY CAN EAT.

"I ha'n't had nothin' to eat for a hull day, and I ha'n't got a cent. I'm from Philadelphia."

This was the pitiful story told to Contractor Magill by a stout, hearty-looking boy, the possessor of a remarkably fine row of teeth.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the contractor.

"I'm willin', but I can't git any work," the boy answered. Then he shed a few tears.

Mr. Magill looked sharply at the boy for a moment, then he sat down and wrote the following note to Colgan, proprietor of the Bank Oyster House:

"MR. COLGAN: Be kind enough to give the bearer a good dinner, and charge it to me. JAMES MAGILL."

"P. S.—Give him all he wants."

The boy, with tears of gratitude streaming from his eyes, took the note and left for Colgan's. When he reached there he presented Magill's missive.

The boy was told to sit down to a table. "Hughey, the Veteran" came over to take his order.

"Give me a plate of quail on toast, with mushrooms," said the boy.

"Ye have a fine mouth for quail," said Hughey. He thought the boy was chaffing But Colgan told him to take the order. The quail was finished in about three minutes.

"Have some turkey," suggested Alderman Donne. The boy grinned and ordered "roast turkey, a plate of roast beef, and a glass of milk." He put these things away like a man shovelling coal. Major Hogan advised him to unbutton his coat. The boy did better; he took it off and then ordered "broiled chicken, baked potatoes, and a Saddle-rock stew." He seemed to have grown considerably when he got through with this, and perspired somewhat.

"Can't you eat a little more, sonny?" asked Mr. Macaulay.

"I'll try, sir," replied the boy meekly. Then he ordered "a plate of lamb fries, a tenderloin steak, fixin's and a Saddle-rock fry." These articles of food disappeared as mysteriously as the others. The boy said he "guessed he'd finish up with a piece of mince pie." He seemed to enjoy the pie until he came to a shirt button and a piece of a shirt sleeve.

"Look here," said the boy to Hughey, "see what I have found in this 'ere pie."

"What do you expect to find," shouted Hughey. "Do ye think ye ought to find a clane suit of clothes in one mince pie?"

To-day Mr. Colgan sent the annexed bill to Mr. Magill:

James Magill,	Dr.
To Thos. Colgan, for dinner to poor boy	$4 70
Quail and toast	75
Roast beef	25
Glass of milk	10
Roast Turkey	40
Mushrooms	25
Broiled chicken	40
Baked potatoes	15
Saddle-rock stew	50
Saddle-rock fry	40
Lamb fries	75
Tenderloin steak	75
Mince Pie	10
Total	$4 70

A MEAN JOKE.

As we do not approve of practical jokes, it is inevitable that we should regard with sorrow the proceedings at Brown's over in Camden, the other day. Brown is a tolerably sound sleeper, and one afternoon last week he lay down in his room at the hotel to take a nap. One of his friends went around and scared up several scientific men and doctors, and told them that there was a very remarkable and interesting case up at the hotel. There was a man who had been asleep since New Year's day, and they couldn't wake him. They had tried everything. They had shaken that man, screamed in his ear, pinched him, thrown cold water on him, and done every other thing that could be imagined; and yet he was as sound as ever. So the doctors held a consultation and agreed to investigate the phenomenon, and at the same time to endeavor to arouse the victim from his stupor. They formed in a body and went up to Brown's room. At a given signal one doctor fired six shots from a revolver, another thumped a drum, a third whistled on his fingers, a fourth executed a solo on the cymbals, a fifth fired a cannon under Brown's window, and all the rest yelled like a pack of Comanche Indians—all but one, and he prodded Brown's left leg savagely two or three times with a carving-fork for the purpose of exciting irritation. The sleeper was aroused. Brown woke up all of a sudden, with his hair erect and his eyeballs protruding. He did not wait for an explanation; he did not even pause for the purpose of going through the formality of being introduced to the company. He made one wild and awful dash for the window, and went out headforemost. The doctors were gratified, and they went down to examine Brown to see how he felt. It appears that he lit upon the man who was conducting the operations of the artillery, which made the cannoneer mad; and when the medical caucus arrived the gunner had Mr. Brown down, and was endeavoring to remove Mr. Brown's nose with his teeth. Mr. Brown always locks the door and chains a bull-dog to the mat, now, when he sleeps in the daytime.—*Phila. Sunday Dispatch.*

REVENGE IS SWEET.

An Essex street man killed a hen that belonged to a neighbor because it flew into his yard. The neighbor made no demonstration. But he went around among the juveniles, and told them that the one among them who could say "Shoes and socks shock Susan" four times running, without mistake, would receive two dollars from the hen-killer. So they went up to his house, in the guilelessness of childhood, and filled the hall and the stoop, and crowded the yard, and made up their minds they would earn that two dollars or die. And they sailed in, and the man tried to drive them off, but couldn't, and then he went up stairs, but they followed him. The air resounded with "Shuwack snoozen socker," with hideous variations in the shrillest of voices keyed to the highest of pitches. In vain the victim appealed for mercy with ink bottles, and hot water, and mustard boxes. His arguments were unheeded and his cries were unheard, and he finally scaled a fence and fled, pursued by what he was firmly convinced were a score of demons. The hen was avenged.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A simple fellow says:—Once I visited a show in Georgia. It was a moral animal show. I heard a fellow shouting.

Says he, "Here's your celebrated tropical American animal that feeds on ants."

Says I, "Eats nothing but ants, does he?"

Says he, "Sir, he is the most interesting animal in the show. Observe his bushy tail and his long face, with a tongue into it formed for nothing but catching ants."

Says I, "He is interesting, so he is. But I can tell you an animal that would be just two times as interesting, if you could only procure one."

Says he, "Sir, what animal, what animal would be more interesting than the great tropical American ant-eater?"

Says I, "A mother-in-law-eater would knock spots out of your old ant-eater."

I guess he had a mother-in-law, for he embraced me and gave me two tickets to go in to see the moral wax works, made of wax.

INSTABILITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Beyond the flowering garden hedge
An ancient maple grew,
And softly sang its wind-stirred leaves—
The moon was peeping through.
Stood there a youth, stood there a maid,
A love fell on the two—
A love fell on the maiden coy,
A love fell on the ardent boy.

A floweret clung around the tree,
The youth broke off a spray,
He said, "Sweet maiden, thou I love,
Pray take this tender spray,
And plant it in the rich warm earth,
And it will bloom one day.
If I do love thee then," he cried,
"Say, darling, wilt thou be my bride?"

With blush and smile she took the spray,
"I'll plant the spray," she said,
If thou dost love when it shall bloom
I promise thee to wed."
The spray was planted in the earth,
And wide around it spread,
But ere its first sweet flower bloomed
Those warm hearts were to coldness doomed.

MERLIN.

A LEAP FOR A LOVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Riding over the Texan prairie on her spirited black steed, with cheeks glowing, and eyes flashing with a sense of limitless liberty, Adèle Arlyn seemed a second Di Vernon—an Amazonian queen—everything brave and beautiful.

A summer day's sun was sinking beyond the horizon line of the wide expanse of prairie. A light breeze came murmuring over the undulating grass.

"This is perfectly delightful!" exclaimed Adèle, removing her hat, "The wind fairly lifts the hair from my brow."

"If you wore a chignon, you would be more desirous to avoid that effect," laughed her brother. "Imagine Arab and me scampering over the prairie in chase of that article!"

Adèle smiled. "If I were a cynic, I would say that a chignon is a fit emblem of modern civilization; a sham; but as I am not a cynic, I will enjoy my present freedom in thankfulness."

"I say, Adèle, hadn't we better return. They generally want me at the Ranch about this time."

"I'll excuse your further attendance, Tom, but I am determined to go as far as the river. I've discovered a new species of running vine among the trees there."

Tom reined in his horse, and hesitated.

"Why, Tom," said Adèle, "you are not afraid that anybody will run away with *me*, I hope," and she shook her riding-whip valiantly, "and it's impossible for me to run away with anybody, for there isn't a dozen living souls in as many leagues."

She re-arranged the folds of her dark-green habit, and with a graceful, mock obeisance to Tom, darted away. Tom, unlike most brothers, admired his sister more than any one else on earth. These two were all to each other—alone in the world—and their mutual love was infinitely greater on this account. Tom stood still for some time, looking after the receding figure, until the red horizon reminded him of his duties at the Ranch.

Reaching a clump of trees on the bank of the narrow stream, Adèle halted, and gazed around her. Amid all the gorgeous coloring of the scene there mingled that undefinable spirit of sadness which never fails to accompany the death of a day. Perhaps this was in unison with her thoughts, for a grave expression came into her eyes, and the half smile ceased to play around her lips.

Her thoughts had gone back two years—back through months of dreary waiting and self-reproach. The figure of the man she had loved seemed to come between her and the sunset, with the reproachful look he had worn at their parting.

Guy Philips and she had met, and become engaged. He had loved her passionately, and she had returned his love with equal fervor—they had different ways of showing it. Guy would have been content to gaze at her from morning to night, and a smile or a word would have been sufficient for him. Adèle was not satisfied with this. She wanted her lover to be more "loverlike"—less "indifferent"—as she phrased it. They were at a fashionable summer resort, and Adèle flirted fast and furiously. Guy bore this with admirable patience.

"A male imitation of Chaucer's Griselda," she murmured impatiently, "Will nothing arouse him?"

There was a certain pseudo Spanish marquis at the hotel. He was pretty well known to be an unscrupulous gambler. At one of the hops Adèle accepted him as partner in two successive waltzes.

"Something must come of this," she thought, as she whirled around to the strains of the "Blue Danube."

Something did come of it. Guy Philips's spirit was aroused. After the dance he grasped her wrist and led her out upon the balcony. He sternly commanded her never to dance a round dance with any other than himself. Adèle had not bargained for this. She wanted more warmth—even jealousy—in her lover, but she would brook no infringement on her liberty of action. She replied haughtily. There was a stormy scene, and they parted.

When her brother Tom proposed to go to Texas, and to invest some money in a scheme for raising cattle, Adèle had volunteered to accompany him, and she was glad of the chance, for monotonous scenes and people had become painful to her.

Sitting in her saddle here, with the Texan prairie land around her, she reviewed the past with bitter sorrow. She was awakened from her revery by the sounds of approaching hoof-beats.

On the opposite side of the river, which the drought had narrowed to a small, turbulent stream, Adèle saw a band of horsemen. They were approaching. She drew back amid the trees, and watched them. As they drew nearer, she saw they were Comanches. They came to the opposite bank, and stopped to parley. Their attention seemed fixed on some object in the distance. Adèle looked in the direction indicated by their gestures, and saw the dusky forms composing a herd of buffaloes outlined against the glowing sky.

The Comanches evidently concluded to pursue the flying herd. To Adèle's great relief they dashed away, leaving only three of their number on the river-bank.

"Looking closely at these three—which she could easily do, as the river at this point was extremely narrow—she noticed that one of them was a white man. He was very pale, and his hunting shirt was blood-stained. His hands were bound together with thongs, and he hung upon his horse's neck as if too weak to sit upright. Without doubt he was a captive, and the two Indians had been left to guard him. The Comanches had their backs turned toward her, and were following with their eyes the course of their companions. She could, however, plainly see the features of the captive. Her face grew white as she looked, and she nearly reeled from her saddle. The captive was Guy Philips!

With a great, almost superhuman effort, she collected her faculties in order to answer the question: What is to be done?

Her first thought was to blow the whistle in the end of her riding-whip, the sound of which, if heard, would bring her brother and his dependants to her rescue. But she felt sure that it would not be heard, for the Ranch was too far away, and her signal of distress would only draw the attention of the Comanches to her without producing any good effect.

The banks of the river were rugged, high and rocky, the stream itself—a brawling, tumultuous thread of water—was barely visible from their height.

A bold idea entered Adèle's mind. It was a womanly idea: to a man it would have seemed impracticable. She put her hand into the holster of her saddle to feel that her toy-like pistols were safe. How thankful she was that she had complied with Tom's request and carried these weapons!

Taking a revolver in one hand and her whip in the other, she prepared to leap the river. The mere thought of this attempt would have chilled the heart of the most infatuated English fox-hunter, for although the stream was narrow *for a river*, yet it was a terrible leap.

Saying a prayer in her heart, she made ready to descend among the unconscious enemy, holding the reins between her teeth.

"On, Dion, on!" The whip fell stingingly on the noble animal's flanks. The horse reared. Then he seemed almost to stretch out into a straight black line. His fore feet struck the edge of the other bank. Down came the whip. He gathered himself up. Horse and rider had leaped the river.

The astonished Comanches turned and viewed the apparition in amazement. Adèle levelled her pistol at the nearest Indian and fired. He wavered in his seat, and then fell with a crashing thud to the ground. Adèle dropped her whip and seized the bridle of Guy Philip's horse. She heard Guy murmur her name.

"Use your spurs, if you can!" she said. "Now!" The frightened animals were headed toward the river. She used the butt of her pistol to urge them on. It seemed as if her brave spirit awed the animals into obedience. With a bound, which seemed as if it would crack their sinews, they cleared the gulf.

The Comanche attempted to follow, but his horse refused the leap. Infuriated, the Indian goaded the animal to it. The horse barely touched the bank with his front hoofs, struggling to gain it for an instant, and then horse and rider sunk down into the channel beneath.

Stopping but a moment to cut the thongs which bound Guy Philips's arms, Adèle rode on toward the Ranch. Ere they reached it, Guy had fainted from loss of blood. Tom's surprise was unbounded when Adèle delivered her rescued lover into his hands. He pronounced Guy's wound, although severe, to be not dangerous.

When Guy's senses returned, and he saw Adèle, who had refused to leave him, there was a scene, the dialogue of which, though somewhat incoherent, was mutually satisfactory to the actors.

It appeared that Guy, having strayed from his party, had been pounced upon by these strolling Comanches, and after a brave struggle on his part, taken prisoner, to serve as a hostage for several of their number who had been captured by the United States soldiers.

"I say, Adèle," laughed Tom, "you have fairly asserted woman's right—to use a pistol."

"I will continue to assert woman's right to help man," returned Adèle, glancing fondly at Guy.

And Guy knew that a similar right would be his in future as far as Adèle was concerned.

Another Ghost Story.

One more ghost—and this positively the last. In the great storm which proved fatal to so many people in Minnesota, one John Weston of Worthington was overtaken on his way home through the woods. Three days after, his wife, who was anxiously waiting his coming, heard, as she thought, at the door the voice of a neighbor saying, "Mrs. Weston, John is frozen to death." She went at once to the door, but nobody was there. So six days after, another neighbor saw the missing man standing about fifteen feet from his stable door. He addressed him with, "Why, are you here? we thought you were frozen." When the ghost answered, "So I am, and my body lies a mile and a half northwest of Hersey." With this the ghost vanished. The depth of the snow prevents searching for the body at present.

☞ Where is that elderly scamp who has howled for sixty-three years for an old-fashioned winter? Where is the old reptile, that we can get at him? How we would like to run him through a planing mill run by ice-water, and cut him open with a snow-plow, and fill him full of snowballs, and sew him up with an icicle, and strap him to the north pole until the spring rains released him. The awful wretch!—*Danbury News.*

☞ In an English church recently, after the publication of the banns of marriage by the minister, a grave elder, in a stentorian voice, forbade the banns between a certain couple. On being called upon for an explanation, "I had," he said, pointing to the intended bride, "I had intended Hannah for myself." His reason was not considered sufficient.

☞ A Cincinnati audience suddenly found themselves in the dark while listening to a play the other night. As the manager had omitted to pay his gas bill, the manufacturers concluded to teach him a lesson.

COMFORTING?

ANGRY DAUGHTER. "Look, ma; I am so offended—some impudent person has sent me this Valentine—and it says I am a 'conceited creature,' is it not shameful?"

SYMPATHIZING PARENT. "Then, my dear, you may be sure it has been sent by some one who *knows* you."

Trial by Ordeal.

While at Mittum-Kote, seeing a crowd one day congregated round a well, I walked to the spot and was witness to the following trial by an ordeal, which we may term that of "water and the bow and arrow." The water in the well was eighteen feet deep, and in its centre stood an upright pole. Two criminals were to be tried for theft, one of whom was already in the well, clinging to the pole, with only his head above water. A little on one side, with his back to the criminal, stood an archer with bent bow and arrow on the string. On a given signal the arrow was shot away, and the culprit descended below the surface of the water. No sooner had the arrow reached the ground, than a young man swift of foot left the bowman's side, and made toward it; on his reaching the spot where it fell, another runner, equally fleet, snatched up the arrow and set off for the well. As he neared us at a winning pace, all eyes looked over the parapet into the well for the criminal's reappearance. His friends breathed short, while hope and fear were depicted on every countenance. At last the runner reached the goal, and the next moment the head of the suspected person emerged from the water. A loud shout proclaimed his innocence and the crowd's satisfaction. The other criminal, an old man, now prepared to descend into the well, but before doing so a lock was shorn from his thin grey hairs, and fastened to the arrow as a charm to impede its flight. He was the reverse of confident, and his looks were certainly not in his favor. Prayers were offered and many fingers pointed to the heavens, while voices exclaimed, "Allah will clear the innocent." The trial was gone through, and with the same happy result as before. These injured men were now placed upon the backs of two bystanders, and so mounted, were led through the crowd to receive its noisy congratulations. This over, their female relations came forward and contented themselves with imprinting a silent kiss upon the cheeks of the once suspected men, who had thus established their innocence in the opinion of their countrymen, and the sound state of their lungs in ours.—*A Journey to the Oxus.*

A Young Man Badly Frightened.

The Bangor (Me.) Whig says:—A number of young men of this city who were camping out last week, near a lake some forty miles to the eastward, had written some letters to their relatives and friends at home, and entrusted them to one of the party, who volunteered to carry them out to the stage road, several miles distant, to give them to the driver of the stage, which reached that point about dusk. The messenger had gone nearly half an hour, when he surprised his comrades by rushing back into camp, panting from his exertions, and evidently thoroughly scared. In reply to the numerous questions which were showered upon him, he related—after pausing to get breath—that just before he reached the road a huge bear coolly marched up to the path in front of him, and sitting down upon its haunches growled and gnashed its teeth. Having no weapons, the messenger decided that discretion was a great deal better than fighting a bear unarmed, and he turned and ran, the huge animal lumbering along after him at a clumsy but still rapid pace. Our hero was a good runner, however, and outstripped Bruin a short distance from camp. He was just proposing that his friends take their guns and go in pursuit of the bear, when a low growl behind him made him jump off his feet, and he turned to see one of the party, who, dressed in a bear-skin coat, fur cap and gloves, had been "playing bear" for his delectation on the road, and had just returned to camp to hear the conclusion of the recital of the meeting and pursuit.

The Title of Physicians in England.

The physicians of England are always known by the simple title of "Mr.," and all efforts to revolutionize public sentiment so as to authorize the assumption of the title of "Doctor" have, to use a medical term, proved abortive. The Royal College of Physicians of London has announced that it does not recognize nor sanction the assumption of the title of "Doctor" by its licentiates. It appears, also, that neither has a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, or of the King and Queen's College, Ireland, any right, as such, to style himself "Doctor." The British Medical Journal, which communicates the information, adds that an university degree alone gives this distinguishing title to graduates in medicine. An American physician of good standing lately attempted to pass as "Doctor" in London, but he felt the stern grasp of the law, and now practices as "Mr." Blank.

☞ A photographer says:—"We often take a picture of a young lady, sometimes a group of two; then the bride in her wedding-dress, with its long train; then in due time the baby—first in its long clothes, then in short ones, then in his trousers, then as he goes away from 'ma' to boarding-school; when he cultivates his first moustache and whiskers; then his intended, and again on through the same routine. So you see the romance."

☞ A Western reporter tried to take down in short hand his wife's lecture on the subject of "Late Hours." The task overstrained his mind, and he sleeps with his fathers.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

ELIZABETH, (Phila.,) wishes to know "If we believe women are equal to men?" Yes—and no. We believe that men are stronger physically than women, and women more beautiful, physically, than men. Therefore, men are superior to women in strength, and women to men in beauty. We further believe that the physical is a type of, perhaps a development from, the intellectual and spiritual, and that the same differences we see between the sexes physically, are also to be perceived between their minds and souls. Now, equality or inequality cannot be predicated in a strict sense of things radically different, and strength can hardly be said to be superior to beauty, or beauty superior to strength. We believe a woman's physical, mental, and spiritual nature is best adapted to her as a woman—and man's to his as a man. And, therefore, a masculine woman, as also a feminine man—either in the physical or intellectual—is not a harmonious and admirable being. We think that if the Almighty had wished the two sexes to be alike, he would have made them so. But they are as they are (in our opinion) by the grace and wisdom of the Creator. Now, men can alter, to a considerable degree, by false notions, which beget false practices and false systems of education, even the harmonious works of God. The Chinese, starting with a false idea of what a foot should be, can almost destroy the uses and beauty of the foot. The fashionable lady, starting in the same way with a false idea of what the waist should be, can injure the symmetry and health of her body. So it is important that we should have a true ideal before us of what a perfect woman should be, in order that we may, as much as possible, educate our girls by and up to that standard. We finally think that the sexes are equal in the sense that feminine beauty and grace and refinement are equally as good in their place, as masculine strength and force are in their place.

F. A. G., (Point Pleasant, W. Va.,) writes: "Should a lady at a dance eat supper with her gloves on? What color should she wear? Also, what color is most appropriate for a gentleman to wear at a ball?" She should be governed by the custom of the place in which she resides, and also by the character of the viands. There can be no rule given for such matters that will apply to all parts of the country. Any light color may be worn, both by ladies and gentlemen. White is often worn by ladies.

G. A. R. (Carbondale, Pa.,) writes: "About three years since I was slightly acquainted with a lady; but have never seen her since. Would it be improper to write to her merely for the sake of correspondence? Who was the inventor of steam engines? How long did Robert Bruce remain King of Scotland? What do you think of my writing?" It would not be advisable if your acquaintance was slight, and you have no sufficient excuse for writing. The steam engine, in its present form, worked by the movement of a piston in a cylinder, was invented by Papin, a Frenchman, near the end of the 17th century. Thomas Savery, an Englishman, made the first working steam engine. James Watt greatly improved it. Robert Bruce reigned from 1306 to 1329. Your writing is poor.

J. C. S. (Quaker street, N. Y.,) writes: "I wish to ask you a few questions: 1st. What is the best thing for a young gentleman to do when he receives a letter with seven girls names signed to it? 2d. (A problem) If three cats catch three rats in three minutes, how long will it take fifty cats to catch one hundred rats? 3d. If three or four girls are after a young man, what is the best thing to do about it? 4th. When a young gentleman about eighteen writes a letter to another young fellow, and signs a lady's name to it, what is the best thing to do in such a case? 5th. Is the word James a common or a proper noun? 6th. How do you like my handwriting?" 1st. Answer it, if he thinks proper. 2d. Six minutes. (Such a question should be sent for the Riddler Department.) 3d. Take his pick of them—or emigrate to Utah. 4th. Treat it with silent contempt—unless the contents are libellous. 5th. Proper as a noun, common as a name. 6th. It is not very bad.

HESSIE, (St. Louis, Mo.,) It is not at all likely that your story, if a first attempt, would suit us. Still we are always ready to examine anything that may be sent to us. Send the entire story, with the real name to your letter, as a guarantee of originality. You can put to the story almost any fictitious name you please.

INQUIRER, (Bloomington, Ind.,) asks: "1st. Is it in accordance with the rules of etiquette and propriety for a young lady, or any lady, on meeting a gentleman acquaintance, either married or single, on the street of a town or village, for her to shake hands with him and talk for a short time? Or should she, even if he show by his manner that he wishes to stop and talk, merely speak and pass on, and defer their conversation till they meet in a less conspicuous place? 2d. Can you tell me where lead combs can be obtained, and give me some idea of their cost? 3d. Can you send—on receipt of price—a story by Virginia F. Townsend, entitled 'Janet Strong,' and the sequel to it, entitled 'The Way Through,' and if you can, what will be the price? 4th. Can you give me the title of a work on Ornithology that gives the names and a description of American birds? Also the title of some good primary work on Botany? 5th. Is the word diagnosis accented on the second, or on the third syllable? 6th. As a matter of course I want your opinion of my writing." 1st. There certainly could not be the least objection to her stopping to speak with him, if he was a proper acquaintance, particularly if he manifested a desire to converse. 2d. We cannot tell you. You had better address some dealer in such articles. We were not aware that lead combs were made. 3d. "Janet Strong" is $1.50. Do not know the other work. 4th. Alexander Wilson's Birds of America. Eliza Youman's Primary Lessons in Botany. 5th. Accent on the first and third syllables. 6th. It is fair.

CURTIS, (Philadelphia,) writes: "I am a young lady, and have been keeping company with a gentleman for the space of nearly two years. I love him passionately—in fact, I idolize him; and the worst of it is he knows it. I believe he loves me—at least he says he does; but he is such a trifler that sometimes I cannot help thinking that perhaps he is only trifling with me. On one occasion I asked him if he loved me, and he said 'Yes.' Then I said, 'Will you always love me?' and he said, 'I'll try;' as if it cost him an effort to love me at all. Do you think it would be safe to marry such a man? Do you think that by my loving him so truly, passionately, and intensely, he could in time be won over, to love me in the same way that I love him? How shall I test his love for me? I suppose I must ask that oft-repeated question, What do you think of my writing?" If he says he loves you, and you believe him, we cannot see why you should wish to test his love. The tenor of your letter looks as if you did not believe him. As for testing his love, you had better try nothing of the kind; such experiments sometimes results disastrously. There is nothing in what you say about him that would prevent his proving a good husband. We do not think, however, that it is best, with such a person, to make too much display of your affection. Your writing is moderately good.

M. S., (Indiana,) writes: "1st. Is it proper, if you have a great many guests, and all seated in the parlor, and if all the chairs are occupied, to rise and give your own chair to a new-comer and get another one yourself? Or should you keep your own and get another one for the visitor? 2d. Will you please tell me who is the author of this poem, as I think it very pretty?

"When I tire truth to prove,
Would trifle with my love,
He'd say, 'For me thou shalt be weeping,
I shall be far away,
Thou shalt be weeping, thy love watch keeping.'"

1st. Either would be proper, but the latter mode mentioned is the better of the two. 2d. It is a translation from the German, very popular as a song. You have omitted a line in your quotation.

INQUIRER asks: "Will you please inform me how MSS. are received for the Post, written on every alternate page, and folded in letter form, or in what manner?" Write only on one side of the page, and on small sheets, so as to avoid creasing the paper, when folded, as much as possible.

ORION writes: "Please answer an anxious inquirer the following questions. 1st. Do you believe that fate ordains that two persons, (of opposite sexes) when they shall come together, will love? Do you think that God makes a particular man for every woman, and when these two meet do you think that the knowledge is instantaneous? And do you think if the idea is perceptible to only one of the parties, the other could in time be won over, if that person to whom the idea is plain should love the other passionately? 2d. What salary should a young man expect that has just finished his trade at carpentering, if he considers himself capable of any branch? Ought he not to command as good wages as any other? What is the general pay?" 1st. We think that we should prefer not to think too deeply on so abstruse a question. We have our mental faculties in tolerably good condition now, and do not wish to overbalance them. You cannot expect us to settle questions of which no man can have positive knowledge. By what rule shall any man know that a woman is fated to be his? And if that woman knows, by the same rule, that some other man is fated to be hers, how are you going to fix the difficulty? If you truly love, that is sufficient, without troubling yourself whether the universe may not contain a person whom you could love more passionately. 2d. He should expect to get the wages paid to regular workmen. There is no general rate of wages that applies to all persons and all places.

PICKWICK, (Hunter, N. Y.,) writes: "Was the Palace of the Tuileries entirely destroyed by the late Communists in Paris? Was the Louvre destroyed, or the Palais Royal?" The Tuileries was left, we believe, almost a ruin. The Palais Royal and Louvre were partly destroyed. Of the latter the museum was saved, the library destroyed.

S. T., (Wadesville, Ohio,) asks: "Can you give me the whereabouts of a piece of poetry entitled New Years' Night, corresponding with the following words? I have a portion and wish to have the whole:—

The curtains are drawn and the lamps are lit,
The fire burns ruddy and bright,
With my book and work, in my easy chair,
I am sitting, old friend, and wondering where
And what you are doing to-night."

We do not know the poem. Perhaps some of our readers can furnish it.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 4, 21, 22, 17, 24, 4, is the name of one of the Apostles.
My 10, 6, 22, 7, 15, is one of the United States.
My 10, 22, 23, 8, 11, 7, is the name of a great poet.
My 1, 9, 16, 18, 19, 19, 11, is that for which thousands of dollars are expended.
My 14, 3, 18, 24, 13, 2, is what we all desire.
My 25, 5, 15, is a pronoun.
My 12, 17, 11, 19, 20, indicates a collection.
My whole is the title of a story in the Saturday Evening Post.

Shanesville, O. M. G. H.

ANAGRAMS.

CITIES IN EUROPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Venabro.
2. Cin. Hum.
3. Rec. Hutt.
4. Cher. a-stub.
5. Derst. Mama.
6. R. Aid. M. D. *Ohio.*
7. Heil. Core.
8. Geo. C. Nol.
9. Stop? save ol.
10. Orn Flece.
11. Urelcen.
12. Ada rang.

SYLVANUS.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

Useful insects.
A lady's name.
Smooth.
An earthy, stony substance.

II.

A father.
A paragraph.
To tear.
Motives, objects.

III.

An atom.
A river in Germany.
A limit, bound.
A host.

BERTHA.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A circular fishpond takes up just one acre of ground. What length of halter fastened to the edge of the water, will allow a horse just liberty to graze an acre of grass?

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—William Shakspeare, Stratford-on-Avon, England.

ANAGRAMS—1. Watertown. 2. Janesville. 3. Fon-du-lac. 4. Green Bay. 5. Kenosha. 6. Lacrosse. 7. Superior. 8. Calamine. 9. Portage. 10. Trempalean.

DECAPITATIONS—1. Troy—Roy. 2. Spain—pain. 3. Po—o. 4. Prussia—Russia. 5. Baden—Aden. 6. Rhone—hone.

BURIED TOWNS—1. Olly. 2. Genoa. 3. Pisa.

WORD SQUARES—

I.	II.
ORB	OBIT
RUE	BORE
BEE	IRON
	TENT

RECEIPTS.

TO BOIL A HAM.—A large ham should boil very slowly three or four hours; should be put in cold water, and kept covered during the process. A small ham will boil in two hours. Remove the skin and save it for the soap-fat crock. Save the water and skim it, when cold, for the same purpose.

TO BAKE A HAM.—Boil it one quarter of an hour for every pound; then bake it in the same proportion. Serve hot.

HAM TOAST—*Ingredients.*—Half a pound of ham, the yelk of an egg, a small piece of butter, one teaspoonful of gravy and one of cream or milk, a nice buttered toast, cayenne.

Mode.—Mince the ham very fine, put it in a stewpan with the other ingredients, keep stirring it till it is quite hot, but do not let it boil; spread it on the toast, and serve very hot.

MEAT CAKES are most useful, and generally liked. When you have to make a dinner from no apparent materials but some scanty scraps, chop up all the bits you can find that are not bone or gristle, if not enough add some salt pork, previously cooked, or it will not chop well. A little fat pork is in any case an improvement; put more or less, according to the mouths you must fill and the scarcity of meat.

Season brown meats with onion, sage, summer savory, a little spice for a change, pepper and salt. Take dry remnants of bread, wheat or Indian, soak in milk, water or gravy, press pretty dry and mix with the meat, about half and half, or more bread if there be much fat pork. Add one or two eggs and some dry crumbs, or even a little meal if the mixture be too wet, stir well together, and when the frying-pan is hot and well greased, shape cakes by taking up a spoonful and shaping it with a knife. This is very little trouble; if to look neater, have the mixture rather dry, and shape it with the hands into cakes, before frying. Fry brown.

White meats should be seasoned with a little onion, sage, summer savory, parsley, (with or without the other herbs) nutmeg, and lemon peel or essence. Potatoes can be used instead of bread, or in addition to it; also cold boiled rice. These cakes are good hot or cold, and are very nice warmed up in either of the gravies described before. They are excellent to take cold as provisions for a journey.

SPONGE CAKE—(New Way).—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, one pound of powdered white sugar, the whites of twelve eggs, and the yelks of six well beaten, the whites to be beaten to a stiff froth; add the juice of one lemon, the whole to be beaten until very light. A very fine cake, if particular in baking.

SPONGE CAKE—(Another way).—One tincupful of flour, one tincupful of powdered white sugar, eight eggs, beaten separately, and half a teacupful of water. Add the flour last, then a lemon or some nutmeg to flavor. This is a delightful sponge cake.

ITALIAN CREAM.—Take three pints of milk or cream, sweeten it with white sugar, flavor with vanilla or lemon, add one paper of gelatine; stir constantly until it boils; beat well the yelks of eight eggs, stir them well into the boiling cream, strain into moulds, stand on ice five or six hours, to be served with cream and sugar.

POUND CAKE.—One pound of sugar, one of butter, one of flour, and the whites of twelve eggs, beaten to a froth; flavor with the essence of lemon. Bake in a quick oven. This quantity will make two good-sized cakes, baked in six-quart pans.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Two quarts of boiling milk, with Indian meal enough to make a thin batter; stir in while boiling hot. Add sugar, allspice, to your taste; also a teacup of cold milk. Bake five hours in a moderate oven.